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B'FE FURNACE CO. PLANT GOES TO SCRAP HEAP

Works at Scotia Mines Also Sold to Phila. Firm.

WILL BE DISMANTLED

Sale Last Saturday of All Iron and Steel at Two Plants Marks Finish of Pig Iron Manufacture Here—One Time Chief Industry.

The manufacture of pig iron—at one time the chief industry here—is a thing of the past so far as Belleville is concerned. Some time ago the Nittany Iron Co. was sold by the bondholders to a Harrisburg firm of junk dealers. Last Saturday, in Philadelphia, the commission firm of Henry Potts & Company purchased all the iron and steel in the Belleville Furnace Co. plant at Coleville and Scotia. The purchasers will proceed at once to dismantle the furnace plant and also the big washer, boilers, railroad tracks, etc., at Scotia. This will likely be begun within the next few days. The iron and steel will be sold as junk.

Just what price was paid for the old iron and steel at the two plants has not been made public. To many persons the sale came as a surprise. By all it had been confidently hoped that a revival in business, particularly in the iron and steel market, would be followed by a resumption of operations at the Belleville Furnace Co. plant, which would have carried with it activity at the ore mines at Scotia. It was generally believed that the Nittany plant had no prospect of ever starting up, but no one looked for the Belleville Furnace to go to the scrap heap. It was the unexpected that happened and once both furnaces are dismantled and Scotia abandoned as an operating point, Centre County will have passed out of the pig iron manufacturing world.

The Belleville Furnace Co. retains the real estate, also the hundred or more houses at Scotia occupied by former employees and others. The company has about sixty acres in fee at Coleville. This includes the large stone quarry, probably the most valuable asset retained. There is owned at and nearby Scotia about two hundred acres in fee and ore rights in upward of one hundred additional acres. If possible the company house at Scotia will be sold intact, otherwise they will be disposed of as second-hand lumber.

The Belleville Furnace Co. plant at Coleville was built along about 1887. Possibly five years previously Andrew Carnegie bought and operated the ore mines at Scotia for the Carnegie Steel Co. The ore mined by Carnegie was shipped to Pittsburgh. When Carnegie abandoned Scotia fifteen or sixteen years ago the ore mines were purchased by the Belleville Furnace Co. These mines included Matern Bank, Red Bank, Graysdale and Blair Bank—all now abandoned. When Carnegie quit Scotia it was with the belief that he had cleaned out the cream of the iron ore of all that section. Subsequently others operated Scotia and mined many thousands of tons of ore of a higher quality than Carnegie had found in what he assumed were the palmiest days of that unique and interesting little town.

Must Certify to Residence.

The first Act of the present Legislature to be certified to Prothonotary Foreman by Secretary of the Commonwealth Cyrus E. Woods was received at the Court House on Monday. It requires a judgment creditor, or his attorney, to certify to the actual residence address of such creditor. The Prothonotary, as in the past, is required to deliver monthly to the County Commissioners, for tax purposes, a list of all judgments entered. The new law reads as follows:

"That the Prothonotary of each county is hereby directed not to enter any judgment unless the judgment creditor, or his duly authorized attorney or agent, produces to the Prothonotary a certificate signed by the judgment creditor, or by his duly authorized attorney or agent, setting forth the precise residence address of the said creditor. The certificate shall be filed at the same number and term as the judgment.

"The Prothonotary shall monthly prepare and deliver to the county authorities who assess property for tax purposes a list of all judgments entered during the preceding month, with the names and residence addresses of the respective judgment creditors and the amount of the respective judgments."

Dr. S. M. Nissley, veterinarian, has removed his office from the Palace livery to James Toner's livery. Both phones.

ALSO MORE FOR SCHOOLS

Proposed Increase of \$2,500,000 Urged on Legislature.

A movement favorable to increase the state appropriation for the schools at least \$2,500,000 has been started among legislators at Harrisburg from a number of the interior counties, and a letter issued from the offices of the State Board of Education by Secretary J. B. Becht urges that steps be taken to increase it above the \$15,000,000 mark.

This letter, which is sent out unofficially, asks persons to interview members of the Legislature and urge an increase. It is significant because Gov. Brumbaugh was an active member of the board from its foundation until he was sworn in as Governor.

The letter is as follows: "The need for additional school appropriation is very generally apparent throughout the commonwealth. Since 1907 the biennial appropriation has been \$15,000,000. During the past eight years there has been a marked growth in the school population; consequently the apportionment to the districts has been growing smaller and smaller.

"Whereas formerly the ratio per pupil was \$2.40 it is now only \$1.80, and the ratio per teacher, which was formerly \$89, has fallen to \$72. This would seem an opportune time to urge upon the Legislature the importance of making an increase in the appropriation to the common schools. At least \$2,500,000 ought to be added at this time."

Some of the rural legislators are suggesting a \$20,000,000 appropriation and others are urging \$18,000,000.

Gov. Brumbaugh has given no sign of what he thinks should be done in conversation with legislators, but has asked their opinions.

TROUT SEASON OPENS

Scores of Fishermen from Distant Points Arrived in Town Last Night.

Trout season is on in full swing and hundreds of fishermen are scattered along every creek in this section. The season opened at midnight, last night, and even at that hour there were scores of enthusiasts ready with rod and line at points which had been selected in advance. The early afternoon and evening trains brought a hundred or more fishermen to Belleville from distant parts of the State.

So far as the writer has been able to ascertain, the old fishing laws are in force and apply to the present season. There have been a number of bills introduced at Harrisburg changing the present laws, and some of these have been passed, but thus far they have not been either signed by the Governor or distributed to the several Prothonotaries by the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

SUPERVISORS MEET

Township Representatives of County Hold Interesting Session.

The annual convention of township road supervisors of Centre County was held at the Court House last Thursday and an interesting and instructive session resulted. Judge Orvis, as president of the association, cordially welcomed the several supervisors. Professor Crandall, of State College, and Col. H. S. Taylor gave very interesting talks. L. C. Jones, of the State Highway Department, at Harrisburg, discussed road making and outlined in a general way the aim of the department to improve the condition of roads throughout the State as rapidly as possible.

On recommendation of a committee the association re-elected the present officers for the coming year.

Ran into Open Switch.

William Billett and John Dunlap were slightly injured yesterday when a gasoline inspection car on which they were riding ran into an open switch on the Belleville Central Railroad, near Morris station. Norman Wright was steering the car, which was too light to go through the switch, and was brought to a sudden stop. Mr. Billett and Mr. Dunlap were thrown off, the former suffering a scalp wound and the latter torn ligaments of a finger of his left hand. The injuries were dressed without it being necessary to remove the two men to the hospital. The car was not the new large gasoline passenger truck, as was first reported. This car has not been put into operation as yet.

Grocery Changes Hands.

Negotiations will be completed likely today for the sale of the Robert Morris grocery, the purchasers being Claude Herr and Al Heverly. The taking of inventory has been under way for a day or two and will probably be completed today, when the new proprietors will take charge. Mr. Morris has not decided on his plans for the immediate future.

TIPS FOR CANDIDATES IN SHAPING UP PLANS

Dates for Circulating and Filing Petitions.

REQUIREMENTS OF LAW

Borough and Township Secretaries Must Certify to County Commissioners what Offices in Their Districts are to be Filled.

At the instance of some of our friends, and for the information of all prospective candidates for county offices this year, "The Republican" has looked up several points in regard to the circulating of nomination petitions, etc. Thus far the County Commissioners have not given out blank petitions for nomination and likely will give out no such petitions until the Legislature adjourns next month. There is longer no likelihood that the date for holding this year's primaries will be changed, but so long as there is any chance that the form of petition may be changed, the County Commissioners feel it would be unwise to give out the blanks.

Such petitions would really be of no use to prospective candidates even if issued at the present time. The primary law provides that such petitions cannot be circulated for signatures until sixty days before the last day for filing. The law fixes twenty-one days before the date of the primaries as the last day for filing. The primaries will be held on September 21st. The last day for filing petitions will be August 31st. Sixty days prior to August 31st will be July 2d, so that no petitions may be circulated for signatures before the latter date. Prospective candidates will do well to jot down these dates for their guidance.

At the coming primaries, in addition to candidates for county offices, nominations will be made for borough and township offices. This fact places on borough and township clerks the duty of certifying to the County Commissioners what offices in their respective districts are to be filled. The primary law on this point reads as follows:

"On or before the ninth Tuesday preceding the Fall primary, clerks or secretaries of the various cities, boroughs, townships, and school districts, shall respectively, send to the County Commissioners of their respective counties a written notice setting forth the names of all city, borough, township and school district offices for which candidates are to be nominated and the ensuing primary."

CHARGED WITH CRUELTY

Two Young Men from Orviston Accused of Driving Horse to Death.

Two young men from Orviston were arrested and held for court late last Saturday night, charged with driving a livery horse so hard that it dropped dead in its tracks. The horse was hired from Confer Bros., at Beech Creek, Saturday evening, the young men saying that they wanted to drive to Howard. It is alleged that they drove faster than Howard and that the horse, when driven at a fast pace, suddenly dropped over dead.

B. J. Confer went from Beech Creek to the scene of the accident and then proceeded to Howard. He secured a warrant for the arrest of the two young men and they were located at the Howard Hotel. Late that night they were given a hearing before Squire Schenck who committed them for court.

Another County Dry.

By the decision of Judge Charles E. Terry in refusing all of the applications for liquor license in Wyoming County last Saturday, 23 in all, that county has gone dry. A1 were refused on the grounds of "no necessity."

Judge Terry, in explaining his decision said: "I have followed the decision of the Venango County Court. Where public necessity is overbalanced by the moral welfare of the community, the license has been refused. From the evidence given here, there has been shown no necessity for any licensed place in Wyoming County."

Judge Terry's action increases the number of "dry" counties in Pennsylvania to 11. They are: Bedford, Forest, Greene, Huntingdon, Juniata, Lawrence, Mifflin, Perry, Tioga, Venango and Wyoming.

Cunningham High Commissioner.

Robert J. Cunningham, of Pittsburgh, was on Tuesday appointed State Highway Commissioner by Governor Brumbaugh. His appointment was promptly confirmed by the Senate and he will enter upon his duties at once.

SAY WASHINGTON PARTY IS READY TO DISSOLVE

Harrisburg Hears of Overtures to Brumbaugh.

WARNED BY GOVERNOR

Chief Executive Points Out to Republican State Leaders that People Stand Ready to Reward Party for Good Legislation.

Harrisburg despatches during the last few days state that information of a reliable character is to the effect that Washington party leaders are willing and ready to dissolve their party organization and fall in behind Governor Brumbaugh as the Republican leader in Pennsylvania. The despatches add that this information has been conveyed directly to the Governor, who when asked regarding the matter replied:

"I have no comment to make."

The reason assigned to the Washington party leaders in reaching this decision is that Governor Brumbaugh has stood for practically all the important things which that party has advocated. It is further stated that if Governor Brumbaugh gives his assent the Washington party men will call a State convention and formally dissolve.

Declaring that the Republican party will win the Presidential election next year "if it takes up in an effective way the great program of social legislation now before us," Gov. Brumbaugh on Monday gave a pointed warning to the Republican leaders in the state. After referring to pending bills to carry out his workmen's compensation plan, the Governor said:

"Unless the Republican party in this state gives the people the legislation they so obviously want, the party will not only lose the respect of the citizens of the commonwealth but the party will lose the support of the people of Pennsylvania. It is up to the Republican party in this state to take care of the people, and the time for the party to do this is all the time."

"It might almost be repeating an adage to say that if the Republican party of the state of Pennsylvania looks after the people, the people, will look after the party."

In discussing the national outlook for the Republican party, Gov. Brumbaugh said:

"The State of Pennsylvania is more concerned in the success of the Republican party at the presidential election two years hence than any other commonwealth in the United States."

"Pennsylvania is unquestionably the stronghold of the protective tariff. The great range of active industries in the state of Pennsylvania are most affected by the tariff, and it is impossible for an immense industrial community such as the commonwealth of Pennsylvania to prosper under a free trade tariff. Pennsylvania cannot go ahead with its power, and far reaching industrial activity under the operation of a free trade tariff schedule. Her industries pay a wage too high to enable her to compete under a free trade tariff. Nor can any other state for that matter."

"The Democratic tariff is an entirely wrong conception so far as it is concerns the revenue problem. The tariff must be changed to permit the government to meet expenses, which are always increasing. The income tax has not in any way realized the expectations of even the Democratic party. This tax is a distinct assessment on the North as opposed to the South. It is a tax on the great industries of the North and on the leaders of these industries."

"The Republican party ought to win in the presidential campaign of 1916. It is the only party that can give this country an industrial outlook which is staple and satisfactory to our working people. And the Republican party in my judgment, will win at the presidential election if it takes up, in an effective way, the great program of social legislation now before us. This program means in substance legislation for good citizens in a good physical environment."

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses: Ernest O. Houck, Warriors Mark Benore; Gertrude Hicks, Bellefonte; Dale S. Musser, Bellefonte; Clara C. Solt, Runville; Fred Witherite, Runville; Erma Brown, Bellefonte; Edgar H. Smith, Bellefonte; Margaret R. Petters, Bellefonte; Bethard M. Keller, Centre Hall; Orpha A. Lefster, Potters Mills.

J. EDWIN QUIGLEY DEAD

Passed Away in Pittsburgh from Pneumonia Following Brief Illness.

It was with feelings of sincere sorrow that old home friends in this section learned of the death of James Edwin Quigley, who passed away at 2 o'clock last Sunday morning at his late home at Pittsburgh. He had been ill but about ten days, his death being caused by pneumonia. By none of his relatives or friends here was it known that his condition was serious. A telephone message early Sunday morning conveyed the sad intelligence of his death. The body was removed to Lock Haven, where funeral services were held Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock from the residence of D. F. Good. Interment was made in the Highland cemetery.

Deceased was a son of Captain James A. Quigley, of Blanchard, and was aged 42 years. Following his graduation from Pennsylvania State College he located in Pittsburgh and became identified with the Armstrong Cork Co. His advancement with that concern was rapid and at the time of his death he was a director and manager of the insulation department of the company. He was also a trustee of the Pennsylvania State College and his activity in promoting the interests of that institution was such as to win the admiration and appreciation of faculty and students, both past and present. One of the finest tributes that could be paid to his memory is to say that it will long be held in grateful reverence by numerous young men from Centre County who were enabled to secure positions in and about Pittsburgh through his personal assistance and influence.

Mr. Quigley was married October 16th, 1901, to Miss Sarah B. Good, of Lock Haven, who survives with five children. Surviving also are his father Captain Quigley, and these brothers and sisters: Henry C. Quigley, of Bellefonte; Richard S. Quigley, of Lock Haven; Mrs. William Horne, of Yorkers, N. Y.; Mrs. George F. Hess, of Beech Creek; Miss Gertrude Quigley, of Pittsburgh, and Miss Katherine Quigley, of Blanchard.

WELFARE WEEK

Program Arranged for Addresses by Chaplain and Mrs. Varney Nex. Week.

The program for the Varney "Welfare Week" in Belleville has been arranged, as follows:

Preliminary meeting will be held Tuesday at 3 P. M. in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

Tuesday, 8 P. M., High School building, "Parents' Night."

All other meetings will be held at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

Wednesday, "Peace Night."

Thursday, "Joy Night"—humorous lecture.

Friday, "Women's Night."

Saturday, "Big Brothers' Night."

Sunday, 3 P. M., a mass meeting will be held in the Court House at which Mr. Varney will give his great lecture on "The Dying Giant."

Each afternoon meeting in the gymnasium will be addressed by both Mr. and Mrs. Varney. Everybody is cordially invited to these meetings.

Home Week Plans.

A very enthusiastic meeting was held on Tuesday evening by business men and others who are interested in arranging for an "Old Home Week" celebration in Belleville, July 2-8. The meeting was really one of ratification of the "Home Week" suggestion of the previous week, and all present seemed quite enthusiastic over the plan. An additional committee, one dealing with historical features, was authorized and Mrs. H. C. Valentine was chosen chairman.

Various entertainment features are under consideration for the week's celebration. One suggestion is to endeavor to get Jess Willard, the new heavyweight champion, to visit Belleville for one day with a vaudeville performance. Another suggestion is to have a big circus here for a day and a first-class baseball game on another day. The various committees are going to work with commendable spirit and if this is continued there is no doubt of the success of the movement.

Held for Court.

Edward Ickes and Bert Finnegan were given a hearing several days ago before Squire Musser who bound them over for court without bail on the charge of arson. Finnegan was arrested late last week at Williamsburg, near Altoona. Ickes was arrested earlier in the week at Scotia. The two men are suspected of complicity in the burning of the H. A. Ellis barn, in Holt's Hollow, and other barns. They have said little since being lodged in jail. The arrests were made at the instance of Detective Ryan, of the State Fire Marshal's force, at Harrisburg.

LOCAL OPTION TEST COMES NEXT TUESDAY

Measure Reported from Committee This Week.

BOTH SIDES CONFIDENT

Governor Brumbaugh and Other Supporters Predict Victory but Opponents are Just as Positive of Accomplishing Defeat.

The big fight in the House at Harrisburg on the Williams local option bill comes next Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock. At that time a test vote will be taken on the bill on second reading. Victory continues to be claimed by both "wets" and "drys". Probably nobody knows definitely at this time what the outcome will be. Indications are that the result will be very close, either way.

The Williams bill was reported favorably to the House from committee yesterday. On Tuesday the Law and Order Committee met and unanimously voted to report affirmatively. This was done to expedite matters, the "drys" in the committee being in the majority and the "wets" realizing that discussion of the bill at that time would accomplish nothing.

Had the bill been returned to the House immediately following the meeting of the committee it would have gone on the first reading calendar Wednesday and come up for second reading on Thursday. The attendance in the House during Thursday and Friday is always light and the supporters of the Williams bill were not desirous of having a test vote taken on either of these days. To get around this danger they had the bill withheld from the House until yesterday. This plan places the bill on first reading calendar for today and by agreement it will come up for second reading next Tuesday.

On Monday night the House will vote finally on the full crew law repealer, a special order having been made for that time. The passage of the repealer is predicted by its supporters.

"The New Minister."

The Scotia Sunday school is arranging to give an entertainment, entitled "The New Minister", at that place in the near future. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the church. An evening of wholesome fun is in store for all who attend. Those who will be in the cast will include P. B. Farber, J. M. Lykens, C. C. Hassinger, H. M. Williams, C. H. Haugh, Frank Fields, D. C. Williams, Miss Elsie Laufer, Miss Edna Williams, Miss Viola Laufer, Ray Williams, Miss Bessie Ghaner and Miss Mary Tomco. Others taking part will include Rebecca Hassinger, Katie Williams, Edith Daywalt, Anna Wilson, Orpha Lykens and Pearl Fields. Miss Stella Lykens will preside at the organ. The admission will be 10 and 15c. Following the entertainment ice cream and cake will be sold at the hall.

Prize Essay Contest.

A prize essay contest will be held at Unionville on Monday evening, April 19th, in the Presbyterian church by the Women's Christian Union. Four books are to be given for the best essays written by a boy or girl in each room of the Unionville public school. "The Varneys", prominent members from Belleville, will be present and speak. All are invited and it is to be hoped that a large crowd will be in attendance.

Curwensville Gets License.

Judge Bell, of Clearfield County, on Monday granted liquor licenses to two hotels at Curwensville which had been refused last year and also held up so far this year. He also granted a rule on C. J. Berlar, Jr., of the Mosbannon House, at Munson, to show cause why his license should not be revoked. It is alleged that this hotel has not enforced Judge Bell's "no treating" regulation.

Charged with Larceny.

George Garrett, of Belleville, was arrested Tuesday evening and locked up in jail charged with stealing a lantern from a Pennsylvania Railroad train. Chief of Police Dukeman found the lantern in Garrett's possession when the latter was placed under arrest.

Teddy and Taft Meet.

Colonel Roosevelt and W. H. Taft met and shook hands while attending a funeral at New Haven, Conn., on Tuesday. It was the first time the two former intimate friends had met in over four years.

Pine Grove Mills.

(continued from 5th. page.)

Among the movers in this locality were the following: John E. McWilliams quit the D. G. Meek farm and moved to his down town residence; Earl Smeltzer succeeds him on the Meek farm; J. H. Houtz to the J. H. Miller tenant house; Hon. J. W. Kepler to the St. Elmo house; Clifford Close to the Kepler farm; J. Clayton Struble quit farming and moved to State College; Harry Sunday takes his place on the Adam Thomas farm; Wm. H. Jones went to the Mrs. Enig family; Elmer Sunday to the Kustar-order farm, which he bought; Ira Harpster to the Charles Miller place, now owned by Jonathan Harpster; George F. Harpster moved to Warriorsville; Ed. Gimmis is his tenant farmer; W. C. Collins flitted to the home he purchased from the Heberlings; Mrs. Rebecca Ard moved to her home on west Main street; S. A. Dunlap to the Ard home on Water street; W. H. Glenn to the Mrs. Hess home on west Main street; W. H. Roush is again snugly located in his house on east Main street; J. A. Decker is now located on Chestnut street; George Smith in the Wright home on Water street; Ed. Martz in the J. N. Everts home on east Main street; John Smith on the Maggie Reed place; W. H. Weaver to the stone mansion on the Branch; E. C. Bickel to Buffalo Run, to a farm he bought; Wm. Ralston to the Kauffman farm, better known as the C. H. Struble farm; James Shuey to the Garner farm; James Snyder to the J. B. Campbell dairy farm, as dairyman; Mr. Wetzel to the Hamilton farm; Annie Garner to her new home on west College avenue, bought of Jennie White; Jacob Cramer to the Garner farm which he bought; R. D. Mayes to the Geo. E. Harper farm; Harry Struble to his new home, the Kauffman farm in Benner township; George Shuey to his residence in Lemont; Jacob Hoy went to the Shuey farm; John Garner to the old Charles Snyder farm; Adam Louck to his new home at Struble; C. M. Struble moved to his new house at Struble; Austin Johnson will till the broad acres on the D. J. Johnson farm; Geo. Johnson moved to the Hartsock farm on Buffalo Run; Samuel Breton to the Mary Gates farm; Chas. Lykens to the Mattern farm; Bettie Kimpfort rented her farm to George Yarnell, who is now on the job; Chas. V. Smith moved to the Herman home, at Lemont; S. E. Kimpfort to Tioga, Pa.; J. E. Welland to Lebanon county, to engage in farming; A. B. Hazel to Boalsburg, as successor to Wm. H. Stuart in the mercantile business; R. Reed Randolph to Reedsville, to engage in the livery business; Sinus Cramer to the George Behrer place as boss farmer; Wm. H. Cramer to the A. O. Johnson tenant house; Robert Watkins to Sidney Neidigh's place; W. H. Minnick to the Reifsnider place; Frederick Decker quit house-keeping and will reside with his son-in-law, H. E. Stover, at State College; Mrs. Mabelle Decker, his house-keeper, went to her parental home in Altoona; Dr. W. V. Kroff to the Snyder house at State College; J. C. Lucas to Bellefonte; C. B. Harvey to Burrows street; Fred Garner to the Krumrine farm; Jacob Krumrine is retiring to his home on west College avenue; J. B. Shugerts to the Shaffer home; Roy Coxey, will take his first lesson in house-keeping at the Mrs. Brown home; Will Martoff to his new quarters on Gill street; Ed. Sellers is back doing a land office business at the old stand, Bert Ralston to the Klinger home; James Ross to his new home in Boalsburg, having sold his farm and retired; Wm. Kerns to the Baker farm, now owned by Theodore Davis Boal; Al Osman to the house vacated by Cal Stamm, who moved to the Thompson place; Walter Corman moved to Bellefonte; J. C. Borrows to the Dale place; Samuel Stover to Pleasant Gap; T. R. Dale to Centre Hall; Orin Houtz to Pleasant Gap; Wm. Gates to the Behrer farm; Allen Welland and bride began home-making on the Dr. Fry farm, at Fairbrook; Mrs. E. M. Heberling has gone to make her home with her brother, M. E. Heberling, at State College; B. Frank Davis and family are back from Lehigh county and located on the Wm. Wertz farm; George Behrer moved to Buffalo Run, on the farm he bought; Jack Keller moved to the place he vacated; Roy Zimmerman moved to Pleasant Gap; Chas. Cushman to the Eiters house; W. H. Miller quit the Lytle farm and moved to one of T. D. Boal's farms; Wesley Miller moved to the A. J. Lytle farm, and John Rishel moved to the College farm, as Supt. Goodling's assistant.

Henry Hubler Dead.

Henry Hubler, a young blacksmith, died last Wednesday at his late home at State College after an illness of but four days. Funeral services were held on Saturday morning and interment made in the Pine Hall cemetery. Deceased was aged 22 years and was the son of Jefferson D. and Bertha Hubler. He was a member of the State College Reformed church. Surviving are his parents, two brothers and one sister.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children
For Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and act as a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 26 years. They never fail. At all druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

PRESIDENT WILSON

History of Our Country, Priceless Educational Feature, Free to All.

Beginning next Monday, April 19, The Pittsburgh Dispatch will publish exclusively President Wilson's "History of the American People" in continuous installments. It is a consecutive story, intensely dramatic, from the time of discovery and settlement on to very recent years.

At an expenditure of from 10 to 15 minutes a day this series will familiarize you with the history of America, and by the time it is ended you will know as much about the growth, development and government of our country as a college graduate.

The younger members of the family will find this daily history an aid in their school and college studies. They will read it as they would a story and look out for it each day. The older members of the family will be able to refresh their memory by devoting only a few minutes each day.

Every member should grasp this opportunity to study the history of their country. Remember, your teacher will be the President of the United States and that it will not cost you a penny. Don't miss the first lesson, Monday, April 19, in The Pittsburgh Dispatch. Order the paper now, so you will be sure of getting the first of the series.

How to Measure up the Man.

Back of everything else, what the world really wants to know about all of us is simply this: are we doing our duty? Because men are going to death, over in Europe, by hundreds and thousands, it is natural to think of loyalty to duty as the supreme sacrifice of life. It may be that. Often it is. But more often it is obedience to some mean, tiresome, drudgery, with no hope of glory or honor, and perhaps no recognition from the world at large. A few out of those millions of fighting men are rewarded. Most of them go down to death unheralded, almost unknown. Most of us will miss the rewards. None of us can escape the call of duty. Even the children in school meet this summons. They have duties to perform, though they may not have chosen them. At home, though their parents may have difficulty in making it quite clear to them, they still have their duties. And as they grow in years their duties increase, they can not be escaped. The young man who engages to work, assumes certain duties. His employer has an equal duty to him. There is nothing heroic about all this, nothing showy. It is such a common place that we scarcely realize it. Yet the fact is, society is dependent absolutely upon the conception of duty. We could not live a day if men wholly ignored it.

The greatest of us, and the least, have our place to fill, our duty to meet. And we are judged, every day of our lives, by those about us, for the measure in which we meet the obligations we have assumed. And when the end comes and a man lays down his life, whether his task has been great or small, whether he has had earthly rewards and honors, or has gone his way unknown, his character will be measured, not by the place he has held, but by his fidelity to the duties life has laid upon him.

The Universal Tiptle.

Coffee and tea are the two beverages used almost universally by the adult population throughout the civilized and semi-civilized world.

It is impossible to say how many tens of millions of dollars are expended upon them annually. Although their use has steadily increased they might be discontinued by the multitudes who have formed the habit without the loss of any benefit and in the majority of cases abstinence would result in distinct physical gain.

Neither coffee nor tea is to be considered a food, says State Health Commissioner Dixon. Both are stimulants and it is this which is responsible for their popularity. As with all other stimulants there is a continual tendency to over-indulgence because a moderate allowance after a time fails to give the necessary incitement to the nervous system.

While the mind is often stimulated to good work for a short time by coffee or tea any stimulus which they give is transitory for there is a period of depression following the use of all stimulants. Experiments have shown that over-indulgence in both have a tendency in the long run to dull the working of the mind.

A moderate use may not be followed by any noticeable ill effect, but nervousness and disturbances of the digestive system is almost certain to follow the excessive use of either. Tea has an astringent action which is often harmful.

Any value which might follow from the use of a warm beverage with meals, where the majority of the food is below the body temperature, is probably offset by this action. Hot water or the "cambric tea" (hot water, whole milk and sugar) of our childhood days is far better.

Many people rely upon coffee and tea almost entirely as beverages and fail to drink the proper quantity of pure water.

SEVEN BARKS will purify your blood and tone up your system, and has an unparalleled record of 43 years. Price 50 cents. Your druggist keeps it or can get it for you, or write to the manufacturer, LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St. New York City.

Cosgrove's Comedy

An Incident of Travel

By EPES WINTHROP SARGENT
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Cosgrove stepped aboard a morning train at Philadelphia for New York. The weather was pleasant, and, after he had finished his newspaper, he leaned back in his chair and looked out through the window.

Why is it that a man is more impressive while traveling than during the ordinary routine of life's duties, pleasures, rests? Animal trainers say that if they wish to train a dog they try various dogs till they find one whose attention they can secure. Perhaps this is so with Cupid. The little god waits till he gets a man in continuity with a woman when he has nothing else to think about. At any rate, many a man has met his fate on a train.

Clinton Cosgrove mentally gave thanks that the girl across the aisle was so absorbed in her newspaper. Cosgrove could not do much reading on the train. The shifting lights made his head ache.

A crowd of noisy drummers, jubilant over their nearness to New York, were filling the cafe car with the smoke from their cheap cigars and had rendered the place unbearable. It was pleasant to sit back in his chair and study the girl opposite.

Cosgrove enjoyed mysteries, and here was one ready at hand to beguile the tedium of the trip to town.

To begin with, she was rather more than pretty and, moreover, possessed an air of distinction that added to her physical charm. She wore her fashionably tailored gown with the air of one used to good dressing, yet the hand bag that rested at her feet was worn and shabby—a relic of the days when paper imitations of alligator hide were "quick sellers" in the shoddy shops.

She occupied her seat in the chair car as though she were used to such conveniences, yet the woman who had escorted her on board and taken an affectionate farewell, with the wish that the "job" would come quickly, suggested the day coach rather than the Pullman.

Almost before the train had pulled out she was engrossed in a New York paper, turning, after a brief glance at the headlines, to the "want" advertisements. She was so interested in these that she was not conscious of Cosgrove's steady if polite scrutiny.

For a man who spent the major portion of his waking hours in an endeavor to get the best of the Wall street gamble Cosgrove possessed an imagination of singular fertility and delicacy, and from the meager facts apparent he wove a romance about the girl.

From between his half closed eyelids he observed the mass of golden hair that crowned the shapely head and shaded the high, white brow. He rejoiced in the purity of her profile and the soft coloring of her skin and noted with an artist's appreciation the lines of her slender figure and the perfection of detail in her dress. From every point of view she was admirable.

Then his thoughts reverted to the mother, with her coarse, red hands, her florid coloring, the rusty hat and the plaid shawl surmounting the skirt of some rough dark stuff that long since had faded from any definable tint. From the comparison the inference was obvious.

The girl must have inherited her refinement from her father. He could picture the very type of broken down fellow of good family—glad to wed a woman of coarser fiber who would put him on a pedestal of adoring love, content to slave over the tubs and scrubbing bucket that he might enjoy the leisure that was so clearly his due.

Those fellows seldom lived long. Usually they drank themselves to death. Then the love that had worked uncomplainingly for him had worked for the baby.

She should be a lady as her father had been a gentleman. He could imagine the sacrifices and privations that had been endured that this tender girl might be reared to a life of gentility.

Now her education was complete, and she was faring forth to New York in search of a job. Perhaps a few months in an office and then the stage would claim her for its own.

Show girls of her rare distinction were eagerly sought. Somehow he did not like to think of this flower girl engulfed in the vortex of Broadway.

And so, as the train sped through the Pennsylvania valleys, Cosgrove speculated on the outcome of the quest. He started guiltily as the porter gave the first call for lunch and the girl rose quietly to go forward to the diner. The meal meant the price of a day's work for the toll worn hands of the mother, yet it seemed perfectly right that she should go.

She had carelessly thrown the paper on the seat, and with an assumption of indifference Cosgrove reached for it. With a confident smile he turned to the "want" pages.

It was just as he had supposed. The advertisements she had been clipping were from the "wants" for typewriters and stenographers. She was looking for a place in an office.

She had clipped more than a dozen of the tiny slips, and in his imagination he could see her that evening laboriously answering the advertisers. Probably she had already arranged to go to some working girls' home, and she would enter on her task with the confidence of a novice.

He could trace the gradual growth of disappointment at her lack of success, the dwindling of the scanty funds and finally the abandonment to despair. And then! Would she go back to the squalid home—or would she stay?

It all seemed so real to him that she returned before he remembered to put back the paper. She gracefully accepted his apology and tendered his longer use in well chosen words, but he blunderingly thanked her and retired in confusion to the diner for a lunch he did not care for.

He braved the smoke from the drummers' cigars until the train had passed Newark. Then he went back to his seat with his mind made up. But it was not until the train had crept into the shed at Jersey City and they were hurrying down the platform between the tracks that he at last found courage to speak.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered as he raised his hat. "I suppose you will think me meddlesome, but I could not help seeing that you were interested in the 'want' advertisements."

They had passed the gate, and she turned and faced him, polite inquiry in her expression.

"You see," he hurried on, "I don't suppose that you—that is, your friend—realizes that most of the places advertised are already filled. Now, if your friend is looking for a stenographic position there is a vacancy in my office. If you will call—that is, if your friend will call—tomorrow after 2 perhaps it might be arranged."

"I thank you," she said gratefully as she took his card. "At 3, you said?"

"At 3. The exchange does not close until then."

He raised his hat and turned away. He congratulated himself on that fiction of a friend. It had made it very easy for him to speak, and he saw that the girl understood.

They needed another typist in the office. Within twenty-four hours she would be installed in his employ. What might not the future bring forth?

Cosgrove had never known time to drag so slowly. The hands of the big clock behind the chairman's little balcony seemed to stand still as he moved impatiently about the floor of the exchange. Once when Sugden met him and had begun to complain of his typewriter Cosgrove had mentioned the paragon he was to have in his employ.

He was ashamed of himself a minute later, but the damage had been done, and when the hands at last reached 3 and the gavel fell Sugden headed a delegation that would not be shaken off.

They burst into the outer office of Carman & Cosgrove and came to a dead halt. Cosgrove gasped, but went forward to greet a replica of the old woman of the station.

She was younger, and the plaid shawl was replaced by a badly cut jacket, but she was her mother's daughter. Cosgrove would have known her in a thousand.

He hustled her into his private office and turned over the card she handed him. It was his own card, and on the reverse was written, "Introducing Mrs. Behrman, in whose behalf you were kind enough to speak last night."

It was some satisfaction to find that she was a capable worker, with orthodox ideas of spelling instead of her own system of simplification, and with a brief arrangement as to terms Cosgrove rose to indicate that the interview was over.

Mrs. Behrman looked up.

"And it is really that I am engaged?" she asked.

"Of course," was the impatient response.

The flood gates of her tears were open, and she raised her voice in homely expressions of gratitude to him and to Helen Westervelt.

Cosgrove gasped as he heard the name. It was at least a mercy that he had employed his "fiction" of a friend. She had supposed that he understood, for she was the prime leader of all movements for working girls, and it was only natural that she should suppose that he knew her by sight.

The woman sobbed out her story. She had run away from home to marry Behrman, who had deserted her as soon as he had obtained possession of her slender savings. Her mother would not forgive, and Miss Westervelt, interested in the case, had acted as ambassador.

It was Mrs. Behrman's satchel she was carrying, and she had been largely accountable for the mistake he had made, and it was with Mrs. Behrman's forgiveness and promise to join her daughter that Helen was returning to town.

Cosgrove rang for one of the other stenographers to look after the weeping woman and went out into the office to face his tormentors. His appearance was greeted with a shout.

"Is it that you are no judge of beauty, or is it some new exhibition of your perverted ideas of humor?" demanded Sugden.

"I don't think the laugh—or the dinner—is on me," suggested Cosgrove. "It seems to be up to you, Jimmie."

"I guess I'm it," agreed Sugden, not realizing that he himself had suggested to Cosgrove a way out. "I consoled the boys over to investigate a romance, and we find it is a farce."

"Wait until I get my coat," commanded Cosgrove as he disappeared.

He struggled into that garment as he muttered to himself: "It's a farce so far, but it's just the comedy relief to the romance if I can make it so. For it will be a romance, and only the first act has yet been played."

A BIT OF ADVICE

First—Don't Delay. Second—Don't Experiment.

If you suffer from backache; headaches or dizzy spells; if you rest poorly and are languid in the morning; if the kidney secretions are irregular and unnatural in appearance, do not delay. In such cases the kidneys often need help.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially prepared for kidney trouble. They are recommended by thousands. Can Bellefonte residents desire more convincing proof of their effectiveness than the statement of a Bellefonte citizen who has used them and willingly testifies to their worth?

John H. Klinger, 220 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, says: "I suffered from weak kidneys and was annoyed most all the time. At night my rest was broken by having to pass the kidney secretions too frequently and in the morning I felt tired. Sometimes I had pains across the small of my back. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and so highly recommended that I got a box at Krumrine's Drug Store. I began taking them and they relieved the backache and strengthened my kidneys."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Klinger had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock, A. M., under the provisions of the Corporation Act of 1844, and its supplements, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called "THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAPTER OF THE DELTA Upsilon FRATERNITY", the character and object of which are the promotion of moral and social culture of its members; to and among its members; to and among the members of associated efforts; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and the supplements thereto.

W. HARRISON WALKER, solicitor.

Auditor's Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania.

In the Matter of the Estate of George Dale, late of College Township, deceased.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the said Court to pass upon the exceptions filed to the First and Partial Account of Willard Dale, one of the Executors of said deceased, and among the parties interested thereto, will meet the parties interested for the purpose of his appointment on Tuesday, May 4th, 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M. at his offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa., when and where all parties interested are required to make and file their claims or be forever barred from coming in upon said fund.

HARRY KELLER, Auditor.

Charter Notice.

In Reapplication for (In the Court of Common Pleas of the Snow Shoe Fire Company, (No. 1).

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the above Court, on the 17th day of May, A. D. 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M., under the Corporation Act of 1844 of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Snow Shoe Fire Company", the character and object of which is to save, rescue and preserve the lives and property of the citizens of Snow Shoe, Pennsylvania, from injury and destruction by fire, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the Act of Assembly and its supplements.

The proposed charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

HENRY C. QUIGLEY, Solicitor.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of Mary Singer, late of Liberty Township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

HARRY KELLER, Attorney.

Executor's Notice.

Letters testamentary upon the estate of P. W. Burkett, late of Half-moon Township, Centre County, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and all those who may have claims against the same must present them duly authenticated for settlement.

I. G. BURKET, Executor.

Stromstown, Pa.

4-15-61.

Chicken Heads to Defeat

William Stock, of York, Lebanon County jail under charges of perjury and false swearing arising from his alleged action of taking off on Lebanon aldermen and justices of the peace chicken heads for those of young foxes and rat heads for those of weasels, and collecting State bounties amounting to \$512.

Stock began his operations early in 1914 and was successful for a time, but he made a fatal mistake when he selected as the date for his alleged biggest capture in Union township a night of a severe storm. Clerk R. B. Light, of the County Commissioners, had been suspicious of Stock's claims against the county and had sent forth a warning to aldermen and justices to be sure of the identity of the heads produced by Stock. After a consultation with the County Commissioners, they finally refused to pay Stock's last claim of \$264 and caused his arrest.

DREER'S 1915 Garden Book

contains gardening knowledge that is the result of practical experience, and Cultural articles written by experts. It is full of information valuable to both amateur and professional gardeners. The list of worthy novelties and old favorites in both Flowers and Vegetables is complete and dependable. Especially noteworthy are the sections devoted to Roses, Dahlias and Hardy Perennials.

Mailed free if you mention this publication.

Dreer's Superb Asters—Selected strains of finest varieties for garden decoration or cutting. Packet of eight best colors, containing enough seed to produce more than one hundred plants—ten cents per packet. Dreer's Garden Book with each order.

Henry A. Dreer 714-716 Chestnut Street PHILADELPHIA

CATTLE PASTURE

The Lehigh Valley Coal Company, will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1915 under the management of Mr. Geo. Lorrah. Season May 1st to October 15th. Terms, \$1.50 per head per season, payable in advance. Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Address Lehigh Valley Coal Company, Snow Shoe, Pa. for any further information.

Cracks in Floors

Are unsightly, unclean and unsanitary. GRIFFIN'S FLOOR CRACK FILLER is the "Standard" and permanent remedy. Easily applied by anyone. Costs about \$1 per room. Sold by dealers in Paints—but refuse all substitutes. Our free booklet on how to finish floors will save you \$5. Address Griffin Mfg. Co., Newark, New York.



A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

The Pastor of Trinity Memorial Church

A Story of an Easter Sermon.

By EDITH V. ROSS.

The Rev. Edgar Tyndale, aged twenty-six, upon being graduated from the theological seminary had no difficulty in getting a church, though the salary even for so young a man was small. He had been marked during his seminary course for eminence in his career, for he had the faculty of speaking offhand, his voice was excellent, and his heart was in what he said.

But Mr. Tyndale's first effort was a failure. His congregation expected their pastor to tell them of wickedness generally, not particularly. He made the mistake of holding up to them those sins that beset them. The result was that a party was soon formed in the church to get rid of him. Hearing of it, he offered his resignation, and it was accepted.

The young clergyman, a bit discouraged in this first effort in his ministry to introduce a better Christianity into a congregation that considered itself beyond improvement, was thinking of turning his attention to a different element when he received the following note:

Rev. Edgar Tyndale:
Dear Sir—Your name having been suggested to me for the pastorate of Trinity church at Pennington, which I have recently built in memory of my deceased mother and which pastorate is in my gift, I wish to say that you are invited to prepare a sermon to be delivered in the church on the morning of Easter Sunday next. I will be there, and if I am satisfied to leave the church in your hands you will receive the appointment. The salary will be \$2,000 a year. Should you desire further information I will be pleased to have you call at my house, No. 24 Elliot street, Pennington. Very truly yours,
ELIZABETH WINKLE.

Mr. Tyndale, after spending some time wondering what friend had suggested his name for the position, began to consider the proposition. He would call on the writer and learn whether he would be permitted to attempt to make the congregation better. If so, he would deliver the Easter sermon according to the invitation. If not, he would look elsewhere for a field.

He found Elizabeth Winkle a little old spinster, with a couple of short white curls flanking a cheery face on each side. When asked who had suggested his name to her she said that she was familiar with his work in the church he had just left, that she was aware that he had been forced out on account of his having preached against individual instead of general sin and that she wanted just such a man for her memorial church. She had built it in the slums, and a pastor was required who would preach to sinners.

This accorded with Mr. Tyndale's wishes exactly, and he told Miss Winkle that he would be happy to preach a sermon in her church on Easter Sunday. He would, in the meantime, inform himself somewhat as to the needs of the congregation and make his remarks conform to those needs so far as he could. Before leaving he added: "I have no desire to preach to those who are already as good as the world expects them to be. I have no special interest in them nor have they in me."

"What is wanted in this case," replied the old lady, "is a sinner to preach to sinners."

Whether Mr. Tyndale considered that he filled the first part of this requirement he was quite pleased with its frankness. He went to Pennington, a manufacturing town, and found Trinity Memorial church in the center of the district taken up by laborers. He inquired as to the conditions of the people to whom he would be required to preach and the principal temptations by which they were beset. He visited a number of families and noted their physical as well as spiritual requirements.

Among those families that he visited he found some necessities—sickness and poverty—which, not having any income, he did not feel able to relieve and concluded to call again on Miss Winkle and report them. His card was responded to by a young lady about twenty years old, who informed him that her aunt was indisposed and had asked her to inquire if there was anything she could do for him. Mr. Tyndale gave an account of the misery he had witnessed, and the young lady withdrew, telling him that she would refer the matter to her aunt.

When she returned she was in street costume and told Mr. Tyndale that she would visit the sufferers and should be obliged to him if he would visit her. She had called up a chauffeur, and they found a car at the door. On arriving at their destination the young lady entered upon an examination of what was required, made a note of everything, spoke words of comfort, left some money for an emergency with each family, re-entered the car and, with the clergyman, was driven away.

Stopping at stores, she ordered the requirements noted, telephoned a doctor to visit the families in whose homes there was sickness—in short, attended to everything in such methodical fashion that Mr. Tyndale was both surprised and delighted. They reached her home at noon, and she invited Mr. Tyndale to have luncheon with her, an invitation he accepted with alacrity.

"Your aunt," he said while they were seated at the table, "must be a woman of great practical generosity."

"Aunt has a very tender heart," was the reply. "Let me help you to some more of this dish. Our drive in the fresh air has doubtless made you hungry."

After luncheon the young lady lighted a fire on the hearth in a cozy sitting room and invited Mr. Tyndale to rest before departing. It seemed evident to him from her conversation that she was desirous of learning what manner of man he was, likely by order of her aunt, who she admitted trusted her with the administration of many of her charities.

"Aunt is getting old," she said, "and can't get about as she once could, so you see that the brunt of the work falls on me."

"I presume," remarked Mr. Tyndale, "that she has made provision for these dispensations after her death?"

"Everything she has will go to charity."

Mr. Tyndale did not pursue the matter further, but was struck with the fact that she seemed quite satisfied that the old lady's fortune should go elsewhere than to herself.

Mr. Tyndale had received Miss Winkle's note the middle of March, and Easter Sunday that year fell on the 4th of April. Since he spoke extemporaneously, he did not even need to write a sermon and devoted all his time to visiting the people to whom he would preach, not only to study their needs, but to relieve them. He found many necessities of a practical kind, which he reported to Miss Winkle, and they were either relieved through him or her niece went with him to relieve them. It is questionable whether the beneficiaries were more pleased at these visits or the young clergyman who was instrumental in bringing them about, for he found charitable work in the company of a pretty girl very attractive. Then, too, the reporting of what was needed involved frequent visits to the donor, who in most cases sent her niece to receive the visitor and act in her stead.

By the time Easter Sunday came around the reverend gentleman had abundant material for an Easter sermon. In other words, the sermon had been growing up within him for a month and had only to be poured out, a message of comfort and encouragement to those who must work hard under the disadvantages of education for their living, and not only had the sermon been prepared by active work, but the congregation had been provided. Trinity Memorial church had not been well attended. Several clergymen had been tried with a view to drawing the working people living near it to worship there, but they had all failed. What was the cause of their failure does not concern this story. One thing is certain—Edgar Tyndale had endeared himself to hundreds of people by relieving their temporal wants. When it came to speak to them in church of their spiritual necessities they were ready and anxious to hear him.

Easter Sunday was one of those mellow days that come in April, when the contrast between the cold past and coming warmth is most apparent, when the sunshine is developing the buds, when the birds are flitting about gathering material for their nests. A throng of working people poured into the Memorial church, many in better clothes than they wore on week days, some confined by necessity to their soiled garments. Every seat was occupied, and persons were standing several rows deep in the rear of the church.

When Mr. Tyndale stepped into the pulpit he looked among the front pews for Miss Winkle. She was nowhere to be seen, but among those who were standing was her niece, who declined to take a seat so long as others needed to be provided.

The sermon was what might have been expected, a counterpart of what the speaker had done among the congregation during the past month. As he had then given bodily comfort he now gave spiritual comfort. He told them of what Easter was the promise—not the promise to the world generally, but to each one of them individually. Hundreds of faces, each denoting deep interest, were turned up to him and made him feel that what he gave was taken in the spirit in which he gave it.

It had been intimated to Mr. Tyndale that there was little or no doubt that he would receive the call as pastor of the church, irrespective of his sermon, because he had demonstrated that he was a worker. He was invited to dine at Miss Winkle's after church, and, joining Miss Winkle's niece at the door, he walked home with her. When dinner was served she apologized for her aunt's nonappearance on the usual ground. Mr. Tyndale and the niece dined alone. Mr. Tyndale found on his plate a notification that he was called to the pulpit of Trinity Memorial church with a salary of \$3,000 a year.

"Will you express for me," he said to the lady sitting opposite him, "my thanks to Miss Winkle for the honor she has done me?"

"You may express them to Miss Winkle direct if you like."

"When?"

"Now."

"Then I will go to her at once."

There were two Elizabeth Winkles, my aunt and myself. Trinity church has been founded by me in memory of my mother. Miss Winkle senior has no property, except a small legacy left her by her brother, my father."

Mr. Tyndale continued through life to refer cases of needed charity to the founder of Trinity Memorial church, not as Miss Winkle, but as Mrs. Tyndale.

"JEHOVAH IS MY SHEPHERD"

Psalm 23.—April 18.
The Heavenly Shepherd's Interest In His Flock—His Sheep Shall Not Lack—He Gives Them Rest—He Feeds Them—He Refreshes Them With the Water of Life—He Restoreth My Soul—He Leadeth Me.

"Jehovah is my Shepherd."—Psalm 23.

ONLY God's people, in covenant relationship with Him, can properly appreciate this Psalm and apply its gracious sentiments to themselves. The Psalmist David could do this, because he belonged to the favored nation taken into covenant relationship with God at Mount Sinai. Of those Jews who did their best to keep the Law, David evidently was one; for the Lord declared him "a man after His own heart."

When David made failures, he confessed them, repented, received his punishment and rejoiced in restoration to Divine favor, striving thereafter the more to maintain his fellowship with God.

Jesus and His Church, however, are more particularly the sheep of Jehovah's flock than were the Jews; for the relationship of the Jews was through Moses, while that of the Church is through Christ and the superior Covenant centered in Him. Whoever would be the Lord's sheep must make this Covenant of Sacrifice (Psalm 50:5). Only through Christ can we enter the higher sheepfold. Once having entered, we thereafter have God's Message, saying, "All things are yours; for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

All Wants Abundantly Supplied.
The Lord's sheep are New Creatures, spirit beings, temporarily dwelling in the flesh, but waiting for their change, to be completed in the First Resurrection. The Lord's blessings to Natural Israel were earthly; His blessings to Spiritual Israel are spiritual favors. "No good thing will I withhold" from these—yes, even chastisements and sorrowful experiences necessary for spiritual development.

As the Lord's sheep we shall be provided with green pastures and cool, refreshing water. Moreover, we shall have the peace of God, as implied in the suggestion that the sheep lie down in the green pastures. But alas! Some sheep wander off, go astray, into the desert, attempting to feed themselves on the indigestible things of this life, on which no spiritual nature can thrive.

Yet even such straying sheep the Shepherd will not leave, but goes after them. With His rod He beats off the wolves; and with His staff He carefully assists the entangled sheep out from amongst the cares of this life, the deceitfulness of riches and the besetting sins of Satan. Many of the Lord's flock thus can sing, "He restoreth my soul"—brings me back to appreciate how much better His provision than anything I could provide.

The Valley of Death's Shadow.
Only Adam was ever on the mountain-top of life. He lost his footing there, and gradually descended into this great Valley of the Shadow of Death. Here all his children were born. We are dying daily, surrounded by dying conditions. But the New Day is about to dawn. Then the whole world will begin to emerge from this Valley of Death's Shadow. For a thousand years they will be rising to the heights of human perfection from which Adam fell, and to which the right to return is secured by Jesus' death.

The Lord's people have an especially prepared table, where they may partake even in the presence of their enemies. How true it is that even when misrepresented, defamed and opposed, God's consecrated people are still privileged to feast on the Divine promises, assurances of favor, etc.

Another evidence that this Psalm belongs especially to the Church is the statement, "Thou anointest my head with oil." The holy anointing oil used on Israel's priests and kings typified the Holy Spirit, which came upon the Church representatively in Jesus and has come down over all the members of Christ's Body.—Psalm 133:2.

"My cup runneth over." In Scripture the word cup represents a draft, sometimes sweet, sometimes bitter, sometimes both. The Lord's Cup signifies bitter experiences in the present time. Jesus said, "The Cup which My Father hath poured, shall I not drink it?" This Cup He offered to His disciples; and in becoming such, we propose to share it with Him, symbolically represented in the Communion Cup.

It is sweet to participate in the sufferings of Christ, in any sacrifices or services for Him and His Cause. But He promises that the Cup of new wine in the Kingdom shall more than compensate for any bitterness of the present time. Our Cup is full, but we would not wish it one drop less.

How precious the thought that God's goodness and mercy follow all who are truly His in Christ! At our Lord's Second Coming, with their glorious change these shall enter the Father's House on the spirit plane—the everlasting portion of God's elect Church.

The Psalmist.

LEGISLATURE ON ITS FINAL LAP

Resolution Calls For Session to End in Three Weeks.

MAY EXTEND TIME TO JUNE 1

All Depends Upon the Progress of Big Legislation, Such as Child Labor and Workmen's Compensation. Local Option Scheduled to Come Up in the House Next Week.

Harrisburg, April 13.—If the resolution passed by the house some time ago fixing May 5 as the day of adjournment is adopted by the senate, but three more weeks of the 1915 session remains. In some quarters there is great doubt as to whether the upper branch will see its way clear to put through the resolution. Already a movement is on to extend the adjournment time to June 1, but this effort has not gained anything like enough support to justify the statement that the legislature will go beyond the day and hour fixed by the house. It all depends upon the progress made in putting through the appropriation bills and the so-called big pieces of legislation, such as workmen's compensation and child labor regulations.

Five hundred and seventeen bills have been introduced in the house and about one-third that number in the senate. No more bills will be received by the house unless unanimous consent is given. The senate has not yet fixed the last day to introduce measures.

Two of the big bills through the house and now under consideration by senate committees are those dealing with workmen's compensation and child labor. Efforts to have each amended on the floor of the house failed by a narrow margin. A hard battle was waged to have the hours in the child labor bill increased from fifty-one to fifty-four a week, but the governor won out with ten votes to spare.

Contrary to expectations, local option will not be considered this week by the house. It will come out of committee in a day or so and be reached on the second and third reading calendars probably on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. The bill will be made a special order, so that every member will have ample notice of the exact time of its consideration. This will prevent dodging by legislators who may now be carrying liquor on one shoulder and water on the other.

Governor Brumbaugh has not given up hope of passing the bill in the house. His friends privately admit, however, that the Williams measure is doomed.

The situation in brief is that the local option issue was thoroughly fought out in the primary and subsequent election. In nearly every district the issue was clean cut and an overpowering majority was elected to the house opposed to local option.

At least 137 of the 297 members of the house were elected to the house absolutely committed, either by a formal platform or speech to oppose any local option bill. While the demonstration and the activity of the governor has reduced this number some it can be said after an impartial canvass that local option will not command more than eighty or eighty-five votes when it comes before the house next week.

Governor Brumbaugh has been informed of the situation. He, however, is hopeful that sentiment will become so strong in the state after the recent demonstration as to force many members to his cause after they hear from their constituents between this and next week.

HORSE RACING BILL

Senator Catlin Wants Pennsylvania to Have Harness and Running Races on Big Scale.

Harrisburg, April 13.—Senator Catlin, of Luzerne, the owner of a string of race horses and a private race track on his farm in the city of Wilkes-Barre, is back of a bill creating a state commission to regulate running and harness racing and providing for betting on pari-mutuel machines.

A commission of five persons would have charge of all racing in Pennsylvania, with the exception of state and county fairs conducted for not more than six days. The act does not apply to racing at such fairs.

Five per cent of the gross receipts of the pools are to go to hospitals and an additional five per cent for improving the roads in the counties where the meets are conducted. The law would mean \$500,000 revenue for hospitals and roads, according to Senator Catlin. He also says that it would be the means of improving the breed of horses, and for that reason expects support from the agricultural sections.

GAME CODE THROUGH SENATE

Prohibiting Sale of Rabbits Killed in State Feature of New Bill.

Harrisburg, April 13.—By almost unanimous vote the senate passed the house game code bill, which makes some changes in the present hunting

laws, was passed finally by the senate. It goes back to the house for concurrence in senate amendments. The chief feature of the bill is that it prohibits the sale of rabbits that were killed in this state. The bill limits the number of ring-necked pheasants that may be killed and also restricts the season.

WILL PREVENT FUSION

Bills of Republican Party Pass Senate With Many Votes to Spare.

Harrisburg, April 13.—Few votes were cast against the election bills prepared by the Republican organization when they came up for consideration in the senate. One of these bills prohibits a man resigning from a ticket when once nominated. This will prevent the fusion of the smaller parties against the Republican.

A companion bill to the above requires proposed new political parties to be organized before the primary election. Another bill that went through the senate gives the Republican party first place on the ballot. At present the position of a party on a ballot is determined by the result of the presidential election. The bill agreed to by the senate fixes the position by the result on either the gubernatorial or the presidential election. If the bill becomes a law the Republican party will take first place on the ballot next November.

The provision to permit voters to indicate their presidential preference will be stricken out of the law, according to one of the other bills, together with a bill for the rejection of nomination papers of any candidate where the signatures are not found genuine as to membership in parties.

IS YOUR INCOME OVER \$10,000

Maurer, of Berks, Would Have You Pay All Over That Amount to State For Unemployed.

Harrisburg, April 13.—It would not be possible for any Pennsylvanian to have an income in excess of \$10,000 a year if a bill put in the house by Maurer, of Berks, becomes a law. Mr. Maurer is the only Socialist in the legislature.

It provides an income tax on a graduated scale, beginning at \$2000 a year. A man enjoying that income must pay 1 per cent; \$3000 to \$4000, 3 per cent; \$4000 to \$5000, 5 per cent, and so on until the man having \$20,000 a year is paying 50 per cent income tax.

Persons with incomes over \$20,000 must pay all of their income in excess of \$10,000 to the state. A heavy penalty is provided for refusal to pay the tax or for making incorrect returns.

The proceeds of the tax are to go toward the keep of the unemployed in times of industrial depression. The bill entrusts the department of labor and industry with the administration of the bill and makes the auditor general levy the tax.

STATE CAPITOL NOTES

Items of Interest Picked Up About Halls of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

Harrisburg, April 13.—The latest mothers' pension bill excludes alien mothers. Many legislators are opposed to this discrimination.

Former President Taft will address the legislature on Thursday afternoon of this week in the hall of the house.

The anthracite operators and miners have reached a compromise on the Catlin bill, and it will now go through, probably, without further opposition. According to its provisions the miners will come under the workmen's compensation law.

There is a strong sentiment in the house for the repeal of the 1913 cold storage law. It has hit both the consumer and the farmer. The only interests that have benefited are the Chicago packers and the cold storage houses in New York, New Jersey and Delaware.

A bill, sponsored by Lipschutz, of Philadelphia, would increase automobile registration fees about 100 per cent. The receipts would be used for highway development. The fee on a motor cycle would be \$6 and motor vehicles \$10 to \$40, according to the horsepower.

Members of the legislature from the anthracite counties are opposed to the governor's plan to give the state two-thirds of the revenue collected on anthracite coal. They claim they are entitled to at least one-half of this tax and will fight for an amendment to that effect.

The house dropped from the calendar the Sensenbich bill requiring judges to decide cases within nine months. It was shown that an act of such a character would impose a hardship upon many judges, especially those of the Dauphin court, which hears actions from all over the state.

On the ground that the amount appropriated in the bill was not sufficient to meet the claims of the newspapers, Governor Brumbaugh last week vetoed the Haggood measure that called for the state to pay its just debts. This action met with such disapproval in the house that no less than 103 representatives voted to pass the bill over the governor's head.

As legislators look into the merits of the publishers' claims they become more and more convinced that the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania should speedily settle these accounts. The opinion prevails that it is just as bad to cheat newspaper owners out of what legally belongs to them as it would be to cheat or steal in any other way.

A DEAF MUTE

By JOHN Y. LARNED

Dan Goodwin, an American globe trotter, when the big European war broke out was in Brussels. Dan always wanted to be in everything, but in an independent capacity. As for seeing the fight in the ranks, that was not to his taste. He had no mind to be bossed, and, as for living in a trench, he infinitely preferred a front room in a hotel.

Leaving Brussels, he went to Liege, then to the top of a high hill and watched the Germans smash the working defending that city. He found it very pleasant looking on from a safe distance, watching successive mistakes and noting the damage they did or their failure to do damage. He enjoyed the bombardment for some time without getting into any danger, then one morning woke up to find the city in possession of the Germans. This was getting too near to the other side, and, availing himself of his American passport, he withdrew to Brussels.

One morning Dan went to the front to look for a good place from which to see a battle. Suddenly a troop of Germans came down on him. Seeing their approach, he felt in his pocket for his passport. It was gone.

Though the Germans when he made this discovery were but a few hundred yards away, Dan did a large job of thinking before they reached him. He had heard a great deal of the looking out for spies on both sides, and it occurred to him that he would be mistaken for one. What should he do? A spy must be able to see. If he couldn't see he couldn't be a spy. He would pretend to be blind.

Fortunately he carried a cane and began at once to tap the ground before him with the evident intent to feel his way. The Germans, seeing this when they reached him, drew aside to let him pass, but the captain of the troop pulled up and said in German: "Who are you, and where are you going?"

Dan understood enough German to know the question he had been asked, but it occurred to him to pretend that he didn't. He walked right on till he ran against the captain's horse, then started back, imitating the action of a blind man.

"He's a deaf mute, captain," suggested a lieutenant.

"Deaf mute be hanged!" replied the captain. "He can hear and see as well as any of us."

This gave Dan the idea to play that he could neither see, hear nor speak, and he decided to play the three cards instead of one. He made the throat sounds of a mute.

"Bring him along," said the captain. "They can find out about him at headquarters."

The captain ordered a couple of men to dismount and put Dan upon a horse behind a third man. This was done, Dan making sounds as if in protest, and when he was in position the troop moved on.

When they reached headquarters Dan was taken before an officer whose mustaches alone were fierce enough to strike terror. He heard those who took him there say that he was either a deaf mute or a spy—they did not know which—whereupon the officer said he would soon find out. Dan expected to be searched, but the officer evidently preferred to test him first. Taking a cigar out of his mouth, he extended the lighted end toward Dan's nose. Dan had the nerve to wait till the fire touched the skin, then jumped.

"That will do," said the officer. "He's shamming. He must have felt the heat before the fire touched his nose, but he showed no sign till it burned him."

Dan saw his mistake, but said nothing, keeping up the vacant stare of a blind man. The officer looked doubtful of his discovery and, drawing his sword, brought it to a level with Dan's face and slowly moved it toward his right eye. Dan found that a more trying ordeal than the other test. But he had excellent nerve and did not budge till he saw the point so near his eye that the officer could not be sure he had not touched it. Then he sprang back, with grimaces and guttural sounds in his throat.

The officer, whether convinced or not of his prisoner being a deaf mute, ordered him to be searched. From a hip pocket his passport was taken. When Dan saw it an expression of mingled relief and joy passed over his face, which betrayed him. While those standing about him were still looking at him curiously he broke into a laugh.

"Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed in German. "I thought I had been robbed of it."

The officer opened the passport, saw the seal of the United States, compared the description with the original and, finding that they agreed, was much puzzled.

"What did you pretend to be a deaf mute for?" he asked sternly.

Dan explained the matter, but the German refused to believe him. Instead of freeing him he sent him to the general, who asked him a great many questions which would prove or disprove that he was the original of the passport. Dan spent a month in limbo, every day fearful that he would be shot as a spy, but in time the Germans became satisfied that he was what he pretended to be and released him. Had he been any but an American he would doubtless have been shot.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 15 1915

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub
Subscription rate, \$1.50 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

Advertising Rates.
One Column, 1 year.....\$100
One Half Column, 1 year..... 50
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 25
Legal advertising, 25c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of \$2.50 each.

Political Announcements.

The following schedule of charges for political announcements in the approaching primary campaign will prevail:

Announcements of candidates for Judge of the County, Treasurer, Recorder, Register, Prothonotary, District Attorney, County Commissioners, \$10 each. County Auditors, Jury Commissioners, Coroner and County Surveyor, \$5 each.
All political announcements are payable strictly in advance.

FOR SHERIFF

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of George H. Yarnell, of Walker Township, for the Republican nomination for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the fourth coming primaries.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

The undersigned desires to formally announce his candidacy for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the will of the Republican voters as expressed at the coming primaries.

DAVID CHAMBERS,
Clarance, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of A. H. Hartwick, of State College Township, for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican electors of Centre County at the primary election of 1915. Mr. Hartwick asks the support of all Republican voters at the primaries assuring them that the same will be appreciated.

FOR RECORDER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of William H. Brown, of Bellefonte Borough, for the Republican nomination for Recorder, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Isaac Miller, (carpenter), of Bellefonte borough, for nomination on the Republican ticket at the primaries of 1915 for the office of County Commissioner. Mr. Miller respectfully asks the support of the Republican voters of the county.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry S. Stuart, of Sandy Ridge, Rush Township, for Republican nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915. Mr. Stuart respectfully asks the support of all Republican voters for the nomination.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of William C. Cassidy for Republican nomination for the office of Justice of the Peace in Bellefonte Borough, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on September 21st, 1915.

A strong breath is usually a sign of a weak will.

It is hard to retain a man's friendship and money at the same time.

If you can't keep from picking a quarrel, be very careful in picking an opponent.

The wheat speculators are now engaged in reducing the net income of every wage earner and salary earner in the country. But, thus far, our politicians have not learned how to sustain the buying power of the dollar.

A woman scientist says, if things keep going on the way they are, we've got to choose between women's intellect and her children; we have to do it. Children are an awful nuisance. But honestly, the more we see of some women's intellects, the more we cuddle up to their offspring.

A man at St. Louis earned \$124 a month, and gave his wife all of it except \$4 and yet he couldn't retain her affections. Evidently a man may be a model husband and yet be a poor judge of women. This hen-pecked husband applied for a divorce, and the judge granted it in short order.

The boys and young men of Spring Creek and Logan Branch are quite jubilant since they have learned that the large army of trout fishermen of Bellefonte have "pledged" themselves not to fish for one year. Boys are boys and boys will fish so long as there is no law on our statutes prohibiting fishing.

It is alleged that Controller Bob Cunningham, of Pittsburg, is slated to succeed Highway Commissioner Edward Bigelow. There is no question in the public mind that he is thoroughly qualified for the position. His established reputation for efficiency, and high conception of public service, his capacity as an administrator—all these point to his success, if he has the support of the public. And, with such a man as this in office, there can be no doubt that the public will give him his hearty support.

It is alleged that the hoop skirt is coming in. You can't get around it. It is built on the 1870 model, used by the late lamented P. T. Barnum in constructing the first big top ever used for housing a circus performance. It is coming, and when it gets here, farewell to the tango and the fox trot. There'll be mighty little while society's jumping through the hoops. A girl, it is true, may trot in a skirt having a circumference of fourteen or fifteen yards. She can if she wants to. But she'll do it alone.

There is always something the matter with Kansas. She now wants to install some kind of a State Council. The prime object being to enact a law that would curtail needless expense and needless laws. This is an admirable ambition. But concentrating power into the hands of a few men does not necessarily mean better government, unless the people retain a check upon them. Reformers who look for relief to the form of administration provided by the board of directors of a corporation forget that they may be placing the people in the helpless position of minority stockholders. The Kansans are great for doing things.

Since the capture of Antwerp the war has produced no move more important than the attack on the forts at the entrance of the Dardanelles. It is assumed of course, that the shelling of the forts is not a mere feint, but is the preliminary move in a campaign which has for its object the capture of Constantinople. If such a campaign succeeds, it gives Russia what she has sought for centuries, and alters the map of Europe far more impressively than would be done even by Germany's continued possession of the Belgium coast line. England for years has steadily opposed Russia's advance upon the Dardanelles. That she is willing to yield now, and bring the war to time to come, within striking distance of the Suez Canal, and within closer reach of English interests in Persia, shows the desperate nature of the struggle England is making to shut Germany off from the channel ports.

FOR OLD PENN STATE

The Legislature has before it at the present time bills calling for all manner of appropriations. It is to be hoped that as far as its revenues may warrant the State will be wisely liberal in appropriations for our hospitals, our educational institutions and our roads. The new penitentiary nearby Bellefonte also merits the best possible financial support the Legislature can provide. Plans for pushing construction work during the coming summer are dependent mainly on how well the State comes to the front with financial support.

Looking over the list of appropriation measures introduced at Harrisburg we have noted none which appeal more strongly for generous support than that for the Pennsylvania State College. Each year witnesses this splendid institution growing in all its branches. Scattered over the whole civilized land are successful business and professional men and progressive agriculturists who received their education at Penn State. The success of the institution in years gone by is the best criterion by which to judge the future, but the future is dependent largely on the extent to which the State responds with financial aid. That the State has been liberal in other years is a matter for congratulation. That the money has been judiciously and profitably used is cause for pride. That the Legislature and Governor Brumbaugh will provide an appropriation this year which will come up to all expectations is the confident hope of the thousands who have at heart the interest and welfare of Penn State.

For dyspepsia, our national ailment, use Bordock Blood Bitters. Recommended for strengthening digestion, purifying the blood. At all drug stores. \$1.00 a bottle.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is a senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. (Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THE SHERIFF'S STRATAGEM

By M. QUAD

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As I was resting at the top of a long hill I was overtaken by a man on horseback, and after salutations had been exchanged he observed that he was in no hurry and would get down to smoke a pipe with me. After awhile he announced that he was the county sheriff and was then on his way to recapture a prisoner who had broken out of jail at Smithville the night before. The prisoner lived in a cabin a short distance down the road, and as we finished our pipes and jogged along the officer suggested that I call with him and witness the performance.

"But is the fugitive a dangerous man?" I asked.
"That's according to how you take him," was the answer.
"And how do you mean to take him?"
"Oh, I'll be sort of soft and gentle with him, and if there is going to be any shooting you'll have warning in time to get out."

It was summer time, and when we reached the cabin the escaped prisoner sat on the doorstep with a shotgun across his knees and a pipe between his teeth. His wife, who was also smoking, sat on a log near by having the family ax close at hand, and the pair never even looked up while the sheriff was dismounting and hitching his horse to a tree. I got the wink to await developments, and we took seats on a stump within twenty feet of the door and filled our pipes for another smoke. Neither the man nor his wife paid the slightest attention to us or we to them, and thus stood the situation for a quarter of an hour. Then the fugitive began to grow uneasy, and after a bit he said:

"Tom, I reckon you hev come for me!"
"Skassly, Bill, skassly," replied the sheriff as he looked up in seeming surprise.

"If you hev I'll never be taken back to that jail alive!" growled the fugitive.

I glanced at the wife, and the look on her face and the way she fingered the ax told plainly that she was ready to stand by her husband in case he needed help.

"Don't git onseny," advised the sheriff. Then he began to tell me about the county jail. It wasn't so much to look at from the outside and lots of people thereby got a wrong impression of it. One must become a prisoner to appreciate that jail.

The beds were of the best. The fare was that of a hotel. Once a day the sheriff came in and related all the outside news. Euchre decks and cigars and plug tobacco furnished free of charge. Visitors admitted any time of the day or night, and they could stay as long as they desired.

Once every week there is a big entertainment, either a vaudeville show or a mighty fine concert.
"Why, Bill," we heard the jail breaker's wife say to him, "you never dun tole me that the jail was like this."
"Dog my cats, but I didn't know it myself!" he growled.
"It's better than bein' right yere at home."

And then the sheriff went on to say that when holidays came the prisoners got such a feast as few men outside ever got. Besides mince pie and fried oysters, there were ten cent cigars to smoke and champagne to drink.

"But Bill must have mistook about it," said the wife.

"Mrs. Baker, I hate to say anything to a wife about her husband," answered the officer, "but I must tell you that I never had any one in my jail so ornery as your Bill. He was kicking like a mule all the time."

"But I wanted to git outer jail," said Bill.

"Of course you did—of course, and why? You found the other prisoners so fur above you in education and manners that it was uncomfortable for you."

"Bill can read and write his name," boasted his wife.

"Yes?"
"And what's the matter with his manners?"

"I will tell you after you first tell me why one was glad when he broke jail and vanished. They made me promise when I came away this morning not to bring him back. They are mighty sorry for you, Mrs. Baker, but they hain't got no use for any sich critter as your Bill."

"And you wasn't lookin' fur me?" anxiously asked Bill.

"I was, but it was to tell you that you can't come back to my jail no mo'. No, sah, you can't. If I catch you around there'll be a big row."

"Bill, you are gwine right back to that jail," said his wife.

"Sorry, Mrs. Baker, but I can't take him."

"But I sah, he's got to go! I hain't gwine to stand for folks sayin' we are low down."

"Yes, I'm gwine right back," growled the husband.

"You are out, and you'd better stay out."

"I'll be hanged if I will!"

"Please let him go back with you!" pleaded the wife.

The sheriff seemed to be pondering for full five minutes before he answered:

"Well, it's on your account, Mrs. Baker, for I do feel sorry for you. I can tag along behind, and I'll never try to do him a favor ag'in."

And an hour later Bill Baker was in the county jail.

A CAPTIOUS CRITIC

He Dallies With Some Noted Verse Makers and Kicks.

TOO MUCH POETIC LICENSE.

The Big Guns of Literature, in His Opinion, Take Liberties the Little Ones Would Not Dare Take and Cites Examples to Prove His Case.

"I've been dipping into poetry," remarked the casual caller, "not as a writer, you understand, but as a reader. At that I think I could do as well as some of them if I could also write my own license."

"The mere versifier must stick to all the rules of the game or be treated as a joke, but the fellow who can get across with the idea that he's a real poet can make his own rules and take liberties with rime and common sense that would make a gargoyle ashamed of himself, which no one could do under a regular journeyman poet's license."

"Take 'Lochinvar,' for instance: 'So light to the group the fair lady he swung,'"

"So light to the saddle before her he sprang!"

"How could he? I ask you that. With the lady once mounted how could he spring to the saddle without kicking her off in the act—unless he mounted backward? And who but a poet himself would license a poet to make his hero do such a fool thing as that? Those Netherby people would have died laughing at the spectacle. And that's only the start, for we also have: 'And save his good broadsword he weapon had none: He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.'"

"Silly, isn't it, to crack a man up as riding unarmed when he carried a broadsword that ranked with the weapons of those days about where a machine gun does now? We wouldn't boast of the nerve of a man these days who went to call on his ladylove with a gatling, would we?"

"These poetry heroes do such very foolish things! There's also 'Horatius,' you know:

"So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed His good sword by his side. And, with his harness on his back, Plunged headlong in the tide."

"Can you imagine it? A man with a couple of tons of iron attached to his person and very likely a spiked helmet diving head first into a river! It's supremely ridiculous, and no one but a major poet would have dared even hint at such a thing. What Horatius really did, if he had the sense of a brass pop, was to jump in feet first so that he could begin churning himself to the surface the minute he struck the water."

"But it's when he monkeys with ships and railroad trains that the poet becomes most absurd:

"We are lost!" the captain shouted As he staggered down the stairs. "Remember that old favorite, illustrating the power of faith? Read it to a seafaring man some day and hear him snort. Why, a captain who'd leave his post in a storm and go skipping down to the cabin to throw a scare into his passengers couldn't hold a job as a mule driver for a canal boat. Think of it! A great storm, when he's needed to handle the ship, and the poet sends him bellowing into the cabin to start a panic—with no reason for it either, for we learn later that they 'anchored safe in harbor when the sun was shining clear!' It's on a par with the engineer's story:

"The train was heavily laden, so I let my engine rest, engine rest, engine rest. Climbing the grading slowly till we reached the upland's crest."

"I put that up to a railroad man once and he told me with much emphasis that any engineer who let his engine rest on an upgrade with a heavily loaded train would be chased off the right of way with bricks—if he got his train through, which he probably wouldn't. The chances are the train would slip back and pile up in a ditch somewhere while the engine was resting."

"But for supreme idiocy commend me to 'Casablanca.' Why, say, if that boy had been left in a house and the house caught fire and the boy had refused to let the firemen rescue him because papa had told him not to go away you'd be sorry for him, of course; but you'd never think of cracking him up as anything but an example of unprecedented imbecility! You'd reason, 'Well, that kid didn't have sense enough to grow up anyway,' and let it go at that. Yet the poet goes to work and roasts him to death on a burning ship just because papa isn't there and expects you to applaud the inhuman act. It makes me tired!"

"And the rime that some of these big guns do is simply atrocious. A little fellow couldn't get across with it in a thousand years. Here take 'Mandalay,' for example:

"On the road to Mandalay, Where the old fottilla lay, With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay."

"What kind of rime is that—lay, lay, lay? It's repetition, not rime at all. You couldn't get a license to do that kind of thing, and neither could I; so it's plain enough that Kipling must have filled out his own license and the public stood for it. It isn't fair; but it's done all the time—by the big people. Dig into their work a bit and see if it isn't."

Well, I have, and I am sorry now that I listened to the casual caller. I can no longer read poetry with my former careless appreciation of it; I have become too critical.—Elliott Flower in Chicago Herald.

NORTH HOLLAND IN WINTER.

Skating is Business There, and the Skaters Wear No Shoes.

In the north of Holland, writes Temple Manning in the Indianapolis Star, I saw the serious side of skating, the side that is not an idle art, but a practical business.

The very first thing the tiny Frisian learns after he acquires the ability to toddle around is how to skate. If he wasn't an expert he would be seriously handicapped all the rest of his life, for the country is a network of waterways, and when they freeze over all business is done on their slippery bosoms. To the Frisian it is second nature to skate. To him it is a delight as well as a necessity, and he is more at home on skates than he is on a good earth road.

If you ask a Frisian which season he likes best, summer or winter, he will answer "winter." In summer he finds it harder to pole or pull his boat through the waters of the canals than in winter to push a sledge along while he follows on his skates. To him the canal is his road.

The first oddity that struck me when I came into this land of skating delights was that the skaters did not wear shoes. They strapped their skates to their feet over very heavy socks that kept out the cold. They laughed at me when I went skating with my skates clamped to leather boots. They could not understand how on earth I could skate freely and gracefully. As a matter of fact I am far from being a graceful skater, but the Frisians were too polite to laugh at my clumsiness, attributing it entirely to my shoes.

Of course I went to Friesland with preconceived notions of what the country would look like, but the charm of the reality was far beyond my imagination. It seemed to be a land of ice and snow that was not unhappily cold—rather the frigid element seemed to be a completing touch of perfection. I have never seen Friesland in summer, but I cannot imagine it separated from its frozen waterways and its picturesque skaters.

Were I to epitomize Friesland in a single description I would picture it as a sheet of ice flowing between two banks that glitter with snow, and in the center I would place a milkman pushing a sledge filled with cans before him, as he skated whistling merrily behind. And behind him I would draw a bevy of boys and girls skylarking on skates.

HUMAN CREDULITY.

Millions Are Taken Every Year From the Gullible by Sharpers.

Human credulity passes all limitations. Before me lies a newspaper story from Chicago: A man was on the way to a savings bank to deposit \$145. Two smiling strangers met him, fooled him with the story that they had "a magic handkerchief" which would double the stranger's money if he would fold his bank bills within it. After the operation the strangers told him to watch the handkerchief and see his money grow. They disappeared. They had his money and the handkerchief contained waste paper. Does this sound impossible?

Here is another story, even more improbable, but true. In New York a company appropriating the name of a well known corporation advertised to sell its shares at a bargain, and fixed a price that was just twice the stock market price. A circular was sent to the Italian quarter intimating that a great opportunity was presented for workmen to secure an interest in a wonderfully prosperous railway, that only a few shares could be had and that they must be bought at once. A rush was made for the stock, although every daily paper printed the quotation of the same security at half the price at which the swindlers were offering it. The police put an end to the game.

If people are so credulous is it surprising that the postoffice authorities report that \$150,000,000 a year is taken from the gullible by dealers in fake securities? If Wall Street did this kind of wretched business it would deserve reprobation.—Leslie's Weekly.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 a year.

SPOILED THE GAME.

The Prospects Were Excellent, but They Were Too One Sided.

A young singer who had been studying for opera work had the good fortune to be engaged by an impresario for a tour through South America. His chest swelled with pride as he walked the deck of the steamer that was to take him on his first trip to foreign lands. On the second morning out he was much surprised to meet an old classmate, who, like himself, was a tenor singer.

"Well, well, where did you come from? Where are you going?" each asked the other.

And each answered, "I'm engaged by an opera company for a South American tour."

"My manager is on this steamer," said one.

"And mine too."

Within five minutes both singers found that they had been engaged by the same opera company for the same part. "What does the man mean by hiring two different men for the role of first tenor?" asked one.

"Pardon me," interrupted a youth who had been standing near and overheard their conversation. "You have myself and two other singers for companions in this affair. We have just found out to our surprise that we have all been engaged by the same man for the same part on the same tour. What under the sun can he mean by having five first tenors?"

The five youths then took counsel together and decided that they would see the manager and demand an explanation.

They found him on the forward deck. He listened, seemingly amused at their complaint, and said: "Gentlemen, don't you worry. I am an old and experienced man in this game and know what I am doing. If you were acquainted with the climate of South America you would know yourselves that it is absolutely necessary. We shall scarcely arrive there before three or four of you fellows will be stricken with the deadly tropical fever. Experience has taught me in all my tropical tours to allow for all sorts of mishaps and misfortunes. Of course you can see what excellent prospects are offered to the chap who is able to withstand everything." And with these words the manager retired to his cabin.

The five young singers then sat down and debated the "excellent prospects." They soon came to a decision. One chance in five of being a star singer instead of a dead one did not prove sufficiently attractive. So when the steamer stopped at Liverpool the youths went ashore, and the impresario never saw them again.—Youth's Companion.

Force or Drops of Water.

It seems almost incredible that so small a thing as a drop of rain should injure the propeller of an aeroplane, but such is the case. At so great a speed does the propeller revolve—1,200 revolutions a minute as a matter of fact—that a rain drop hits it with such enormous force as to chip a piece of the wood away. Some idea of the hardships entailed by flying through the rain at sixty miles an hour may be gathered from the fact that an aviator who recently went through such an experience, alighted with the edge of his propeller fretted as though it had been gnawed by rats. The rain drops had chipped pieces out of the blades and also bruised the aviator's face, owing to the force with which they hit against his flesh.—London Spectator.

Old Scottish Words.

A correspondent of the Glasgow Herald submits the following samples of old Scotch words from East Aberdeenshire: Mowse—To say anything is nae mowse means it is uncanny or dangerous. Connached—Spotted. Clean connached would mean utterly destroyed or rendered useless. Bland—To bland anything would mean to soil it. A child would be told, "Dinna bland your clean plim." Gardies or gaurdies—A child's forearm. The last is a very old expression, but I have heard it used. "Sic bonnie gardies he has," means the baby has pomp arms.

CLOCKS

Of all kinds. Mantle, Chime, Desk, Office, Wall and Alarm Clocks in Oak, Walnut and Mahogany.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Mrs. Breth, of Lock Haven, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Clay Shope.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hall, of Tyrone, are visiting at the home of John Hall.

Miss Erba Stevens, of Altoona, was a guest of Mrs. Emma Smith over Commencement.

Miss Lulu Schenck visited at the home of F. L. Wetzler during the past week.

Miss Lena Smith, of Tyrone, visited her sister, Mrs. Emma Smith, over Commencement.

Rev. M. C. Piper and Rev. Mr. Lepley attended the funeral of Mr. Erhart, in Unionville, on Thursday of last week.

Miss May Heverly was on the sick list during the past week.

Mrs. Calvin Zimmerman spent Thursday in Bellefonte.

Mrs. W. T. Fulton, who has been on the sick list, is able to be around again.

Mrs. Jacob Hoover, of Flemington, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Leon Yorks and family.

Lloyd Harvey, of Howard, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Spear.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher, of Intercession, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lucas, of Pitscain, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. N. Jones.

Perd Yorks had a narrow escape from drowning on last Thursday. While standing on the bridge at the Forge he became light-headed and fell into the stream but was quickly rescued and with the exception of being badly scared is getting along fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Snyder are visiting friends in Altoona.

Mrs. Rote is visiting friends in Tyrone. Miss Ruth Wetzler is visiting relatives in Howard.

Clinton Swartz, of Lock Haven, spent Sunday at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Walker, of Barree, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. James Weaver.

Ralph Thomas, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with friends in the burg.

Chester Miles, of Altoona, spent Sunday with his parents, John Miles and wife.

Mrs. Edward Kluger and son, of Bellefonte, visited Mrs. Prondfoot on Saturday.

Roy McKinley, who has been in the Western states for the past five years, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William McKinley.

Miss Jennie Adams arrived home Tuesday from State College.

Miss Cora Jodon and nephew, George, are visiting in Mill Hall.

Mrs. William Adams and son, Roy, are visiting friends in Bald Eagle.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Miles, Sr., attended a dinner party on Saturday in Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Noll, of Tyrone, were guests of John Swartz during the past week.

Mrs. John Miles was a visitor in Howard during the past week.

Mac Hall is visiting his father John Hall.

Mrs. Schindler was a visitor in Mill Hall during the past week.

Miss Cressie Hanna, of Mill Hall, visited Miss Annie Adams over Commencement.

Mrs. Harry Austin, who has been ill at the hospital in Altoona, has returned home greatly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Wolf are visiting the

former's father, Rev. Mr. Wolf.

Dan McClellan, of DuBois, Ohio, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Ellen McClellan.

John Schindler and Lester Price, of Jacksonville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schindler.

William Neff, of Curtin, spent Sunday with his brother, Edgar Neff.

Mrs. John Huff visited her daughter, Mrs. Frank Crawford, at Bellefonte, during the past week.

Nevin Schindler, of Curtin, Sundayed with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Schindler.

Mrs. Shank and Mrs. Mary Schindler attended the funeral of their relative, Mrs. Bertha Jones, in Bellefonte on Thursday.

H. R. Robison, of Shy Beaver, is in the burg making needed repairs to his property.

Misses Chrissie and Rena Emenhizer are visiting in Yarnell.

Mrs. Christ Jodon, of Altoona, who is visiting Mrs. Schindler, is on the sick list.

Miss Isabelle Barnhart, of Curtin, is visiting Mrs. Clayton Shope.

Allen Miller, of Marsh Creek, is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Emenhizer.

Mrs. Mary Murray gave a birthday party on Thursday evening in honor of her sister, Mrs. Agnes Shope. Mrs. Shope had reached her 76th milestone and the many friends who gathered to help her celebrate the occasion report that they had a delightful time. Refreshments were served and they departed for their homes at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. William Peace and son, Harold, have returned home after visiting her mother, Mrs. Sara Packer, at Pleasant valley.

Harry Janet was a Lock Haven visitor on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Faxon and daughter, Hazel, of Hubersburg, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Faxon.

Miss Millie Kirschner, of Unionville, is visiting Miss Patsy Faxon.

Miss Mabel Kline has returned to her home in State College, after visiting some time with Miss Verda Korman.

Miss Mina Woomer has returned to her home at Mt. Eagle.

Miss Hilda Bryan has returned to her home at Curtin.

Roy Laird, of State College, visited his cousin, Gladys Glenn, over Sunday.

Miss Amber Confer, of Yarnell, visited her aunt, Mrs. William Walker, during the past week.

Centre Mills.

Miss Minnie Kline departed on Tuesday for Baltimore where she will be ordained for the ministry, thus vesting in her all the powers of a pastor.

Earl Cummings, of Centre Hall, expects to spend the summer on the farm and will be employed by Adam Reish.

Miss Mabel Musser, of Rebersburg, will live with the family of Arthur Cummings.

Elias Breon is putting up a lime stack.

Levi Stump, of Spring Bank, made a business trip to Centre Hall last week.

Mr. Reish and Mr. Best expect to build silos this spring.

Roy Held has been busy digging garden. Last week he helped dynamite stumps on the Rishel farm.

Mrs. Bigler Schaeffer visited last week with friends in Bellefonte.

Doan's Regulets are recommended by many who say they operate easily, without griping and without bad after effects. 25c at all drug stores.

Howard.

DAME NATURE'S RECIPE.

Take a dozen little clouds
And a little patch of blue;
Take a million raindrops,
As many sunbeams, too.
Take a host of violets,
A wandering little breeze,
And myriads of little leaves
Dancing on the trees.
Then mix them well together
In the very quickest way,
Showers and sunshine, birds and flowers,
And you'll have an April day.

RACHEL G. SMITH.
Miss Rose Knarr and friend, Elizabeth Myers, visited at the L. H. Neff home on Sunday.

Bob Neff and Philip Barr were recent visitors at the L. H. Neff home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Johnston and daughters, of Flemington, visited with friends in Howard on Sunday.

The lectures held in Christ's church were well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Robb and son, of Altoona, were recent visitors at the home of Mrs. Robb's mother, Mrs. Kline.

Miss Dorothy Weber, who was home for the Easter vacation, has returned to her school.

Miss Hilda Wagner is visiting with friends in State College.

Dr. McEntire, of Howard, is making a visit to Philadelphia.

George Leathers and family, who have been away during the winter, have returned to their home on Main Street.

Miss Idella Williams did some shopping in Bellefonte on Tuesday.

W. K. McDowell is having a new Marathon car demonstrated for him.

The members of the Howard baseball team held a meeting last Thursday and elected the following officers for the coming season:

John R. Williams, president.

Philip C. Holter, secretary.

Balsar Weber, treasurer.

Clyde Long, manager.

Philip C. Holter, captain.

Edwin Robb, mascot.

Here's wishing for the team a successful season. Keep your eye on Howard.

The following were among those attending the funeral of the late Mrs. J. Newlin Hall last Thursday: E. N. Hall, of Braddock; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Hall, of Blair Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Brown and son, of Harrisburg; Mr. and Mrs. Mishler, of Lock Haven; Mrs. John Miles, of Milesburg; Mrs. George Fletcher and son, of Salona; Miss Nellie Tetbs, of Williamsport, and Daniel Hall, of Flemington.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Mai M. Schwenk, et bar, to John J. Myers, 37 tracts unseated land; \$1.

John W. Harper, et al, to C. A. Williams, tract in Liberty Twp.; \$125.

Cleveland H. Vonada, et ux, to Isaac M. Orndorf, tract in Haines Twp.; \$7.

J. W. Stein, et ux, to Jacob Solomon, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1000.

Guy C. Irish, Trustee to Moshannon National Bank, tract in Phillipsburg Boro.; \$17,250.

John I. Markel to Jacob N. Everts, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$500.

Jane Ann Farrell to Miles B. Woomer, tract in Rush Twp.; \$650.

Lillian B. Eiters, et al, to H. Walton Mitchell, tract in College Twp.; \$32,000.

H. Walton Mitchell to Charles H. McKee, tract in College Twp.; \$32,000.

James W. Adams, et ux to Martin A. Stover, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$4,069.29.

Mrs. Amanda Ward Dead.

Mrs. Amanda, wife of William B. Ward, died on Wednesday of last week at her late home at Pine Grove Mills after an illness of several months from cancer. During a part of the time she was ill she underwent treatment at the Altoona hospital. Deceased was a daughter of William and Lucy Sasseraman, and was born at McElavey's Fort. At the time of death she was aged 62 years.

At the age of twenty years she married William B. Ward and from that time to her death resided at Pine Grove Mills. Surviving are the husband and these children: James C. of Pittsburgh; Mrs. W. G. Grove, of Altoona; Simon and H. Bert Ward, of Pine Grove Mills; Rhetta, Edna and Athalia, at home. Interment was made on Friday.

Want to Participate.

In planning for a Centre County "Old Home Week", the survivors of the Pine Grove Academy will ask to take part in the demonstration. They will ask for a time and date for the student body to meet and join in the celebration and help make it an interesting event. Inasmuch as the members are scattered world-wide it will require immediate action. Since our last meeting held at Pine Grove Mills many have answered the last roll call, the number including our much-beloved President, Hon. James A. Beaver.

W. H. FRY,
Secretary.

Celebrated Lee's Surrender.

Members of Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R., and students of the High School last Friday celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Lee's surrender with interesting exercises in the auditorium of the High School building. Splendid music for the occasion was furnished by the High School orchestra. Rev. Dr. E. H. Vocum pronounced the invocation. Judge Ellis L. Orvis delivered the principal address. Colonel H. S. Taylor and others spoke briefly. Samuel B. Miller, commander of Gregg Post, presided.

Pine Grove Mills.

Some oats and barley are being sowed. Many farmers are hauling water, their cisterns being dry.

An electric shower, accompanied by hail, passed over the Branch district Sunday afternoon.

William H. Goss transacted business in Bellefonte on Wednesday.

Martin A. Dreibelbis is steering a new Overland car.

J. B. Whitmer and family in their new 5-passenger Overland car motored to Zion and spent Sunday very enjoyably among friends.

Paul Farber, the hustling young salesman, was a Sunday visitor with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Farber, at Scotia.

Dr. J. E. Ward, of Bellefonte; G. W. Ward, of Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sasseraman and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sasseraman, of Altoona, were among those from a distance to visit here last week.

John I. Thompson, of Lemont, was within our gates Sunday afternoon. He appears to be much improved in health.

Miss Catherine Langanan and Mrs. Lottie Duffra, of Philadelphia, were over-Sunday visitors at the George W. Grimes home.

Jacob D. Neldigh is housed up with an attack of tonsillitis.

J. B. Rockey and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bowersox and F. W. Fishburn and wife spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Mrs. Frank Reed, Mrs. Frank Bowersox and Mrs. W. H. Goss are among the sick.

Mrs. Ray D. Gilliland took a spin to the Lumber City on a shopping expedition last Saturday in her Overland car. Mrs. J. W. Stewart and master John Stewart accompanied her.

Ed. Martz last week signed up as pitcher for the Pitscain baseball team for the coming season.

The interior of the Presbyterian church at Baileyville has been beautifully frescoed. Simon Ward had the contract.

Mr. and Mrs. James Poorman, after an all-winter visit among friends in the Middle West, returned home last week. They were perfectly delighted with the journey and the stay among their western friends.

Mrs. George Kustaborder spent last week with friends in this Section.

Dr. George S. Kaup is making his spring-time visit among the stock men in the western end of the county.

W. C. Collins spent several days at Pitscain with his son, Will and wife.

David Porter Henderson spent last week hobnobbing among the statesmen at Harrisburg and giving additional aid to the Governor in his fight for the local option bill. The grizzled old veteran is a rock-ribbed Democrat, but he is championing the local option cause with the Republican Governor.

The newly elected officers of Penns Valley Lodge, No. 276, I. O. O. F., were duly installed by T. M. Gramley, D. D. G. M., last Saturday evening. Following the regular session a smoker was held.

The officers installed were: John E. McWilliams, N. G.

Ralph Walker, V. G.

L. S. Spangler, Financial Secretary.

E. C. Musser, Treasurer.

R. M. Krebs, Chaplain.

A. S. Bailey, Inside Guard.

S. G. Elder, Outside Guard.

J. W. Sunday, Warden.

J. H. Bailey, Conductor.

J. W. Fry, R. S. to N. G.

C. H. Meyers, L. S. to N. G.

H. N. Koch, R. S. S.

Ed. Isenberg, L. S. S.

W. G. Gardner, Representative.

(Continued on second page.)

R. Bruce Garbrick Dead.

Robert Bruce Garbrick, of Bellefonte, died suddenly at Jersey Shore at 5 30 o'clock last Saturday evening. Death was due to acute indigestion. He had not been feeling well for several days but thought nothing about it. Late Saturday afternoon he suffered a complete collapse and died before medical aid could reach him. The body was removed to Bellefonte and funeral services held here Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. Interment was made in the Union cemetery. Deceased was aged 45 years and was a son of Mrs. J. Garbrick. Surviving also are his widow, two sisters and two brothers: Mrs. Laura Stevenson, of Niagara Falls; Mrs. Edward Nolan, of Bellefonte; Curtis Garbrick, of Mill Hall, and Harry Garbrick, of Bellefonte.

Until October of last year the deceased resided in Bellefonte. At that time he went to Jersey Shore and took charge of the New Crawford House, succeeding William E. Hurley, of this place. He was a member of the Undine Fire Company, and a large delegation of his colleagues attended the funeral in a body.

Hobson Here Tonight.

Congressman Richard P. Hobson is scheduled to lecture tonight at Garman's Opera House, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Hobson has been scheduled for his lecture here several times, but official business at Washington prevented his coming. A telegram received from him last night stated that he positively would be here for tonight.

It Pays Big

To keep your blood in pure condition--The best medicine for that purpose is

Green's Sarsaparilla Compound

It cleanses the blood--strengthens the body and costs only one cent a dose.

GREEN'S, PHCY. CO.

The *Jexall* Store

A THOMAS & CO. Penny-A-Word Column

CLARENCE PENNA.

Drilling Contractors

Well Drilling A Specialty

COAL AND CLAY PROSPECTING

Thoroughly experienced in

all kinds of drilling. We

understand the business in all

its branches. Prepared at all

times to give estimates on

work. No job too small or

too large for us. Reference

furnished, based on contracts

we have handled in Centre

County.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address

A. THOMAS,

Clarence, Pa.

LOST--A large diamond stone. Finder return to this office and receive liberal reward.

FOR RENT--Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hogg. 3-25-tf.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY--Hagley's hand-dipped chocolate confectionery Best 50c goods on market. Popular packages. Seal cards. Retailers make 30% profits. Wholesale supply to wholesale and retail dealers in Pennsylvania sold by J. S. Martin, Farrell, Pa.

The feet must be free from pain. Many women and men realize the comfort to be enjoyed by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes before the dance. Since dancing has become so popular, Allen's Foot-Ease is in demand everywhere because it rests the feet and makes dancing a delight. For Free sample.

Any skin itching is a temper tester. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment is for piles, eczema, any skin itching. 50c at all drug stores.

FOR SALE--A cow and a horse. Inquire Jesse Leathers, Bellefonte Pa.

WANTED--White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT--House on Wilowbank Street. Inquire of Mrs. S. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT--Farm 3 miles from Bellefonte on Perdue Mountain. Good house, barn, outbuildings, spring water and telephone. William Bainside, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE--One new Comb, two Harness, Fly Shuttle Rag Carpet Loom; also Batted R ck eggs for hatching, A. C. Hawkins strain, excellent layers. S. Thomas, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE--14-room brick dwelling; latest improvements; suitable for roomers and boarders. Miss Catherine Miller, 107 South Bernard St., State College, Pa.

FOR SALE--High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Toga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 3/4 pure.--R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa. Bell phone, 11--5.

AGENTS WANTED--The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man--no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample \$1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS--Bitter sex. Earn \$12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED--We pay \$80 monthly salary and furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Co., X975, Springfield, Illinois.

FARM LANDS--Small Missouri Farm \$5 cash and \$5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Menager, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE--The Mrs. Jonas G. Stine property, near Waddle. Six room house a good summer house, good stable, all necessary out buildings, good fruit of all kinds and good running water, one acre of ground in good condition. Located one and one-half miles East of Waddle station. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jonas G. Stine, Stormstown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

WATCH THE Farmers Supply Store Ad

For New Idea Manure Spreaders
Weard Riding and Walking Plows
Perry Spring Tooth Harrows
U. T. K. Spring Tooth Harrows
U. Bar Spike Tooth Harrows
York Grain Drills
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Land Rollers
Corn Shellers
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Gasoline Engines

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Harpoons & Pulleys
Wind Mills
Pumps of all kinds

Fertilizers of all Analyses

Clover, Alsike, Alfalfa, Timothy and Orchard Grass Seed
Also Lawn Seed--packages or bulk
Sprayers and Spray material

COME IN AND LOOK US OVER.

John G. Dubbs

Bellefonte

Pa.

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company
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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer is the warning letter which is sent to the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. Clutching Hand tries to kill Elaine by means of a diabolical device which generates a poison in the wall paper of her room that is deadly to breathe for any length of time. Again Kennedy's scientific knowledge is brought into play just in season to save the heroine from death.

SIXTH EPISODE

"The Vampire."

Kennedy went the next day to the Dodge house, and, as usual, Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer, was there in the library with Elaine, still going over the Clutching Hand case in their endeavor to track down the mysterious master criminal.

Bennett seemed as deeply as ever in love with Elaine. Still, as Jennings admitted Craig, it was sufficiently evident by the manner in which Elaine left Bennett and ran to greet Craig that she had the highest regard for him.

"I've brought you a little document that may interest you," remarked Kennedy, reaching into his pocket and pulling out an envelope.

Elaine tore it open and looked at the paper within.

"Oh, how thoughtful of you!" she exclaimed in surprise.

It was a permit from the police made out in her name allowing her to carry a revolver.

A moment later, Kennedy reached into his coat pocket and produced a little automatic which he handed to her.

"Thank you," she cried, eagerly. Elaine examined the gun with interest, then, raising it, pointed it playfully at Bennett.

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Kennedy, taking her arm quickly and gently, deflecting the weapon away. "You mustn't think it is a toy. It explodes at a mere touch of the trigger—when that safety ratchet is turned."

Bennett had realized the danger and had jumped back, almost mechanically. As he did so, he bumped into a suit of medieval armor standing by the wall, knocking it over with a resounding crash.

"I beg pardon," he ejaculated, "I'm very sorry. That was very awkward of me."

Jennings, who had been busy about the portieres at the doorway, started to pick up the fallen knight.

"Too bad, too bad," apologized Bennett profusely. "I really forgot how close I was to the thing."

"Oh, never mind," returned Elaine, a little crestfallen. "It is smashed all right—but it was my fault. Jennings, send for someone to repair it."

It was late that night that a masked figure succeeded in raising itself to the narrow ornamental ledge under Elaine's bedroom window.

Elaine was a light sleeper, and, besides, Rusty, her faithful collie, now fully recovered from the poison, was in her room.

Rusty growled and the sudden noise awakened her.

Startled, Elaine instantly thought of the automatic. She reached under her pillow, keeping very quiet, and drew forth the gun that Craig had given her. Stealthily concealing her actions under the covers, she leveled the automatic at the figure silhouetted in her window and fired three times.

The figure fell back.

Down in the street below, the assistant of the Clutching Hand who had waited while Taylor Dodge was electrocuted, was waiting as his confederate, "Pitts Slim"—which indicated that he was both wiry in stature and libelous in delegating his nativity—made the attempt.

As Slim came tumbling down, having fallen back from the window above mortally wounded, the confederate lifted him up and carried him out of sight hurriedly.

Elaine, by this time, had turned on the lights and had run to the window to look out. Rusty was barking loudly.

In a side street near by stood a waiting automobile, at the wheel of which sat another of the emissaries of the Clutching Hand. The driver looked up, startled, as he saw his fellow hurry around the corner carrying the wounded "Pitts Slim." It was the work of just a moment to drop the wounded man, as comfortably as possible under the circumstances, in the rear seat, while his pals started the car off with a jerk in the hurry of escape.

Jennings, having hastily slipped his trousers on over his pajamas, came running down the hall, while Marie, frightened, came in the other direction. Aunt Josephine appeared a few seconds later, adding to the general excitement.

"What's the matter?" she asked, anxiously.

"A burglar, I think," exclaimed Elaine, still holding the gun in her

hand. "Someone tried to get into my window."

"My gracious!" cried Aunt Josephine, in alarm. "Where will this thing end?"

"Well," Elaine laughed, a little nervously, now that it was all over, "I want you all to go to bed and stop worrying about me. Don't you see I'm perfectly able to take care of myself? Besides, there isn't a chance now of the burglar coming back. Why, I shot him."

"Yes," put in Aunt Josephine, "but

Elaine laughingly interrupted her and playfully made as though she were driving them out of her room.

"Rusty!" she called. "Down, there!" The intelligent collie seemed to understand. He lay down by the doorway, his nose close to the bottom of the door, and his ears alert.

Finally Elaine, too, retired again. Meanwhile the wounded man was being hurried to one of the hangouts of the mysterious Clutching Hand.

The car containing the wounded "Pitts Slim" drew up, and the other two men leaped out of it. With a hurried glance about they unlocked the front door with a pass key and entered, carrying the man.

Indoors was another emissary of the Clutching Hand, a rather studious-looking chap.

"Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed as the crooks entered his room supporting their half-fainting, wounded pal.

"Slim got a couple of pills," they panted as they laid him on a couch.

"How?" demanded the other.

"Trying to get into the Dodge house. Elaine did it."

Slim was, quite evidently, badly wounded and was bleeding profusely. A glance at him was enough for the studious-looking chap. He went to a secret panel and, pressing it down, took out what was apparently a secret house telephone.

In another part of this mysterious house was the secret room of the Clutching Hand himself, where he hid his identity from even his most trusted followers.

His telephone rang and he took down the receiver.

"Pitts Slim's been wounded, badly, chief," was all he waited to hear.

With scarcely a word he hung up the receiver, then opened a table drawer and took out a full face mask. Next he went to a nearby bookcase, pressed another secret spring, and a panel opened. He passed through, the mask adjusted.

Across, in the larger outside study, another panel opened, and the Clutching Hand, all crouched up, transformed, appeared. Without a word he advanced to the couch on which the wounded crook lay, and examined him.

"How did it happen?" he asked at length.

"Miss Dodge shot him," answered the others, "with an automatic."

"That Craig Kennedy must have given it to her!" he exclaimed with suppressed fury.

For a moment the Clutching Hand stopped to consider. Then he seized the regular telephone.

"Doctor Martin!" he asked, as he got the number he called.

Late as it was, the doctor, who was a well-known surgeon in that part of the country, answered from an extension of his telephone near his bed.

The call was urgent, and apparently from a family which he did not feel that he could neglect.

Doctor Martin was a middle-aged man, one of those medical men on whose judgment one instinctively relies.

It was only a matter of minutes before the doctor was speeding over the now deserted suburban roads, apparently on an errand of mercy.

At the address that had been given him he drew up to the side of the road, got out and ran up the steps to the door. A ring at the bell brought a sleepy man to the door, in his trousers and nightshirt.

"How's the patient?" asked Doctor Martin, eagerly.

"Patient!" repeated the man, rubbing his eyes. "There's no one sick here."

Slowly it dawned on the doctor that it was a false alarm, and that he must be the victim of some practical joke.

"Well, that's a great note," he growled, as the man shut the door.

He descended the steps, muttering harsh language at some unknown trickster. As he climbed back into his machine and made ready to start two men seemed to rise before him as if from nowhere.

As a matter of fact they had been sent there by the Clutching Hand, and were hiding in a nearby cellarway until their chance came.

One man stood on the running board, on either side of him, and two guns yawned menacingly at him.

"Drive ahead that way!" muttered the man, seating himself in the runabout with his gun close to the doctor's ribs.

The other kept his place on the running board, and on they drove in the

direction of the mysterious, dark house. Half a mile, perhaps, down the road, they halted and left the car beside the walk.

Doctor Martin was too surprised to marvel at anything now, and he realized that he was in the power of two desperate men. Quickly they blindfolded him.

It seemed an interminable walk, as they led him about to confuse him, but at last he could feel that they had taken him into a house and along passageways, which they were making unnecessarily long in order to destroy all recollection that they could. Finally he knew that he was in a room in which others were present.

A moment later he felt them remove the bandage from his eyes, and, blinking at the light, he could see a hard-faced fellow, pale and weak, on a blood-stained couch. Over him bent a masked man and another man stood near by endeavoring by improvised bandages to stop the flow of blood.

"What can you do for this fellow?" asked the masked man.

Doctor Martin, seeing nothing else to do, for he was more than outnumbered now, bent down and examined him.

As he rose, he said, "He will be dead from loss of blood by morning, no matter if he is properly bandaged."

"Is there nothing that can save him?" whispered the Clutching Hand hoarsely.

"Blood transfusion might save him," replied the doctor. "But so much blood would be needed that whoever gives it would be liable to die himself."

Clutching Hand stood silent a moment, thinking, as he gazed at the man who had been one of his chief reliance. Then, with a menacing gesture, he spoke in a low, bitter tone: "She who shot him shall supply the blood."

A few quick directions followed to his subordinates, and as he made ready to go he muttered, "Keep the doctor here. Don't let him stir from the room."

It was just before early daybreak when the Clutching Hand and his confederate reached the Dodge house in the city and came up to the back door, over the fences. As they stood there the Clutching Hand produced a master key and started to open the door. But before he did so he took out his watch.

"Let me see," he ruminated. "Twenty minutes past 4. At exactly half past I want you to do as I told you—see?"

The other crook nodded.

"You may go," ordered the Clutching Hand.

As the crook slunk away Clutching Hand stealthily let himself into the house. Noiselessly he prowled through the halls until he came to Elaine's doorway.

He gave a hasty look up and down the hall. There was no sound. Quickly

her out of bed, the chloroform cone still over her face, and quietly carried her to the door, which they had opened stealthily.

Down stairs they carried her until they came to the library with its new safe where they placed her on a couch.

At an early hour an express wagon stopped before the Dodge house and Jennings, half-dressed, answered the bell.

"We've come for that broken suit of armor to be repaired," said a workman.

Jennings let the men in. The armor was still on the stand and the repairs took armor, stand and all, laying it on the couch, where they wrapped it in the covers they had brought for the purpose. They lifted it up and started to carry it out.

"Be careful," cautioned the thrifty Jennings.

Rusty, now recovered, was barking and sniffing at the armor.

"Kick the mutt off," growled one man.

The other did so, and Rusty snarled and snapped at him. Jennings took him by the collar and held him as the repairs went out, loaded the armor on the wagon, and drove off.

Scarcely had they gone, while Jennings straightened out the disarranged library, when Rusty began jumping about, barking furiously. Jennings looked at him in amazement as the dog ran to the window and leaped out. He had no time to look after the dog, though, for at that very instant he heard a voice calling, "Jennings, Jennings!"

It was Marie, almost speechless. He followed her as she led the way to Miss Elaine's room. There Marie pointed mutely to the bed.

Elaine was not there. There, too, were her clothes, neatly folded, as Marie had hung them for her.

"Something must have happened to her!" wailed Marie. Jennings was now thoroughly alarmed.

Meanwhile the express wagon outside was driving off, with Rusty tearing after it.

"What's the matter?" cried Aunt Josephine, coming in where the footman and the maid were arguing what was to be done.

She gave one look at her bed, the clothes, and the servants.

"Call Mr. Kennedy!" she cried in alarm.

"Elaine is gone—no one knows how or where," announced Craig, after leaping out of bed that morning to answer the furious ringing of our telephone bell.

When we arrived at the Dodge house Aunt Josephine and Marie were fully dressed. Jennings let us in.

"What has happened?" demanded Kennedy, breathlessly.

While Aunt Josephine tried to tell

Rusty was trying to lead Kennedy down the street.

"Wait here," called Kennedy to Aunt Josephine, as he stepped with me on the running board of the cab. "Go on, Rusty; good dog!"

It seemed miles that we went, but at last we came to a peculiarly deserted looking house. Here Rusty turned in and began scratching at the door. We jumped off the cab and followed.

The door was locked when we tried it, and from inside we could get no answer. We put our shoulders to it and burst it in. Rusty gave a leap forward with a joyous bark.

We followed more cautiously. There were pieces of armor strewn all over the floor. Rusty sniffed at them and looked about, disappointed, then howled.

I looked from the armor to Kennedy in blank amazement.

"Elaine was kidnapped—in the armor," he cried.

He was right. Meanwhile, the armor repairs had stopped at last at this apparently deserted house, a strange sort of repair shop. Still keeping it wrapped in blankets, they had taken the armor out of the wagon and had laid it down on an old broken bed. Then they had unwrapped it and taken off the helmet.

There was Elaine!

"Sh! What's that?" cautioned one of the men.

They paused and listened. Sure enough, there was a sound outside. They opened the window cautiously. A dog was scratching on the door, endeavoring to get in. It was Rusty.

"I think it's her dog," said the man, turning. "We'd better let him in. Someone might see him."

The other nodded and a moment later the door opened and in ran Rusty. Straight to Elaine he went, starting to lick her hand.

"Right—her dog," exclaimed the other man, drawing a gun and hastily leveling it at Rusty.

"Don't caution the first. It would make too much noise. You'd better choke him!"

The fellow grabbed for Rusty. Rusty was too quick. He jumped. Around the room they ran. Rusty saw the wide-open window—and his chance. Out he went and disappeared, leaving the man swearing at him.

A moment's argument followed, then they wrapped Elaine in the blankets alone, still bound and gagged, and carried her out.

In the secret den the Clutching Hand was waiting, gazing now and then at his watch, and then at the wounded man before him. In a chair his first assistant sat, watching Doctor Martin.

A knock at the door caused them to turn their heads. The crook opened it, and in walked the other crooks who had carried off Elaine in the suit of armor.

Elaine was now almost conscious, as they sat her down in a chair, and partly loosed her bonds and gag. She gazed about, frightened.

"Oh, help! help!" she screamed, as she caught sight of the now familiar mask of the Clutching Hand.

"Call all you want—here, young lady," he laughed unattractively.

"Now, doc," he added harshly to Doctor Martin. "It was she who shot him. Her blood must save him."

Doctor Martin recoiled at the thought of torturing the beautiful young girl before him.

"Are you willing to have your blood transfused?" he parleyed.

"No, no, no!" she cried in horror.

Doctor Martin turned to the desperate criminal. "I cannot do it."

"The deuce you can't!"

A cold steel revolver pressed down on Doctor Martin's stomach.

The other crooks next carried Elaine, struggling, and threw her down beside the wounded man.

Doctor Martin, still covered by the gun, bent over the two, the hardened criminal and the delicate, beautiful girl. Clutching Hand glared fiendishly, insanely.

From his bag he took a little piece of something that shone like silver. A moment later, Doctor Martin looked up at the Clutching Hand and nodded. "Well, it's working!"

All were now bending over the two. Doctor Martin bent closest over Elaine. He looked at her anxiously, felt her pulse, watched her breathing, then pursed up his lips.

"This is—dangerous," he ventured, gazing askance at the grim Clutching Hand.

"Can't help it," came back laconically, and relentlessly.

The doctor shuddered.

The man was a veritable vampire.

Outside the deserted house, Kennedy and I were looking helplessly about. Suddenly Kennedy reached into his pocket and produced and pulled out a police whistle. He blew three sharp blasts.

Would it bring help?

While we were thus despairing, the continued absence of Doctor Martin from his home had alarmed his family, and had set in motion another train of events.

When he did not return, and could not be located at the place to which he was supposed to have gone, several policemen had been summoned to his house, and they had come, finally, with real bloodhounds from a suburban station.

It had not been long before the party came across the deserted runabout beside the road. There they had stopped for a moment.

It was just then that they heard Kennedy's call, and one of them had been detailed to answer it.

"Well, what do you want?" asked

the officer, eyeing Kennedy suspiciously as he stood there with the armor. "What's them pieces of tin—hey?"

Kennedy quickly flashed his own special badge. "I want to trail a girl," he exclaimed hurriedly. "Can I find a bloodhound about here?"

"A hound? Why, we have a pack—over there."

"Bring them—quick!" ordered Craig. Kennedy held the armor down to the dogs. "Searchlight" gave a low whine, then, followed by "Bob" and the others, was off, all with noses close to the ground. We followed.

In the mysterious haunt of the Clutching Hand, all were still standing around Elaine and the wounded Pitts Slim.

Just then a cry from one of the group startled the rest. One of them, less hardened than the Clutching Hand, had turned away from the sight, had gone to the window, and had been attracted by something outside.

"Look!" he cried.

From the absolute stillness of death there was now wild excitement among the crooks.

"Police! Police!" they shouted to each other as they fled by a doorway to a secret passage.

Clutching Hand turned to his first assistant.

"You go, too," he ordered.

The dogs had led us to a strange looking house, and were now baying



"Elaine Was Kidnaped—in the Armor," Cried Kennedy.

and leaping up against the door. We did not stop to knock, but began to break through, for inside we could hear faint sounds of excitement and cries of "Police! Police!"

The door yielded and we rushed into a long hallway. Up the passage we went until we came to another door.

An instant and we were all against it. It was stout, but it shook before us. The panels began to yield.

On the other side of that door from us the master crook stood for a moment. Doctor Martin hesitated, not knowing quite what to do.

Just then the wounded Pitts Slim lifted his hand feebly. He seemed vaguely to understand that the game was up. He touched the Clutching Hand.

"You did your best, chief," he murmured thickly. "Beat it, if you can. I'm a goner, anyway."

Clutching Hand moved over to a panel in the wall and pushed a spring. It slid open and he stepped through. Then it closed—not a second too soon.

At the very moment when we burst in, Doctor Martin, seeing his chance, stopped the blood transfusion, working frantically to stay the flow of blood.

Kennedy sprang to Elaine's side, horrified by the blood that had spattered over everything.

Just then the police burst through the secret panel and rushed on, leaving us alone, with the unconscious, scarcely breathing Elaine.

From the sounds we could tell that they had come to the private room of the Clutching Hand. It was empty.

A policeman now stood beside Elaine and the wounded burglar, who was muttering deliriously to himself.

He was pretty far gone, as the policeman knelt down and tried to get a statement out of him.

"Who was that man who left you—last—the Clutching Hand?"

Not a word came from the crook. Doctor Martin had paid no attention whatever to him, but was working desperately now over Elaine, trying to bring her back to life.

"Is she—going to—die?" gasped Craig frantically.

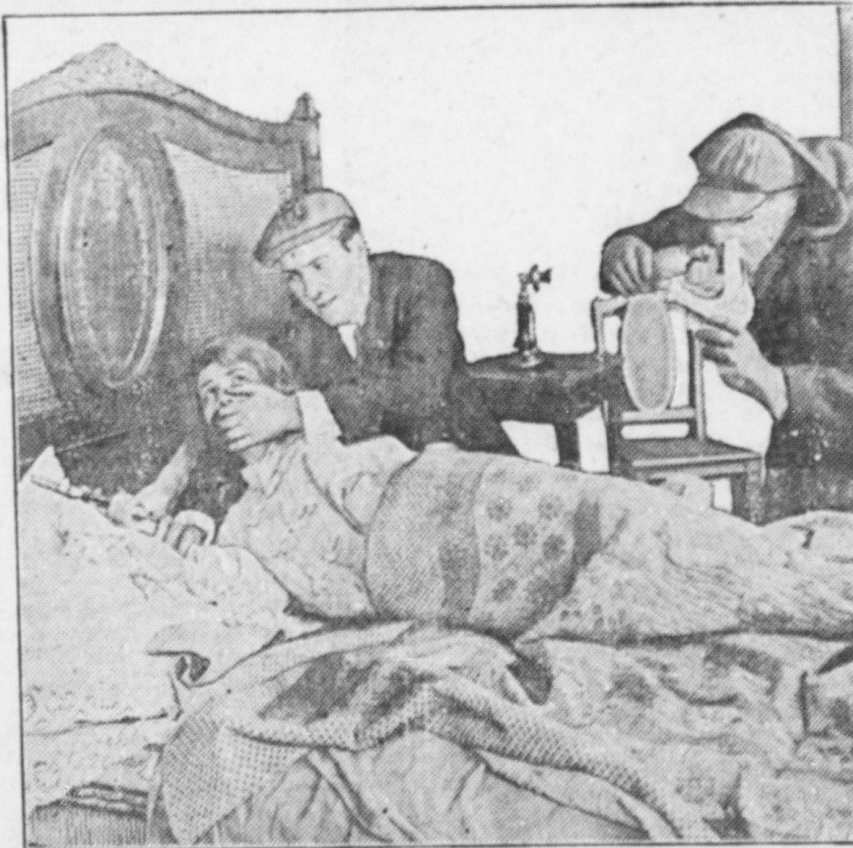
Every eye was riveted on Doctor Martin.

"She is all right," he muttered. "But the man is going to die."

At the sound of Craig's voice Elaine had feebly opened her eyes.

"Thank heaven," breathed Craig, with a sigh of relief, as his hand gently stroked Elaine's unnaturally cold forehead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Holding his Hand Over Elaine's Mouth to Prevent Her Screaming, He Snatched the Revolver Away Before She Could Fire It.

he took a syringe from his pocket and bent down by the door. Inserting the end under it, he squirted some liquid through, which vaporized rapidly in a wide, fine stream of spray. Before he could give an alarm Rusty was overcome by the noxious fumes, rolled over on his back and lay still.

Outside, the other crook was waiting, looking at his watch. As the hand slowly turned the half-hour he snapped the watch shut. With a quick glance up and down the deserted street, he deftly started up the rain pipe that passed near Elaine's window.

This time there was no faithful Rusty to give warning, and the second intruder, after a glance at Elaine, still sleeping, went quickly to the door, dragged the insensible dog out of the way, turned the key and admitted the Clutching Hand. As he did so he closed the door.

Evidently the fumes had not reached Elaine, or, if they had, the inrush of fresh air revived her, for she waked and quickly reached for the gun. In an instant the other crook had leaped at her. Holding his hand over her mouth to prevent her screaming, he snatched the revolver away before she could fire it.

In the meantime the Clutching Hand had taken out some chloroform, and, rolling a towel in the form of a cone, placed it over her face.

When Elaine was completely under the influence of the drug they

him, Craig was busy examining the room.

"Let us see the library," he said at length.

Accordingly down to the library we went. Kennedy looked about. He seemed to miss something.

"Where is the armor?" he demanded.

"Why, the men came for it and took it away to repair," answered Jennings.

Kennedy's brow clouded in deep thought.

Outside we had left our taxi waiting. The door was open and a new footman, James, was sweeping the rug, when past him flashed a dishevelled hairy streak.

We were all standing there still as Craig questioned Jennings about the armor. With a yelp Rusty tore frantically into the room. A moment he stopped and barked. We all looked at him in surprise. Then, as no one moved, he seemed to single out Kennedy. He seized Craig's coat in his teeth and tried to drag him out.

"Here, Rusty—down, sir, down!" called Jennings.

"No; Jennings, no," interposed Craig. "What's the matter, old fellow?"

Craig patted Rusty, whose big brown eyes seemed mutely appealing. Out of the doorway he went, barking still. Craig and I followed, while the rest stood in the vestibule.

The LODGE

For a Time There Was a Doubt as to Its Occupancy.

By F. A. MITCHEL

John Ricketts, gardener on a country place, entered upon his day's duties by trimming the hedges. It was a bright spring morning, and the sun shone down upon John at his work. The trees had leaved not long before and still wore something of the pale hue of early spring. The birds were building their nests and flying here and there for material. John was a young man, and the principle of nest building was in him as well as the birds. He was thinking of making a home for himself.

Twenty years before the owner of the place, a widow, Mrs. Alexander, had a housekeeper who, dying, left a little daughter, a babe. The child was without any one of her own kin to care for her, and Mrs. Alexander assumed the responsibility. Anne Burdett when she grew older was sent to school and brought up as a member of the Alexander family. She was a willful child, though not wayward.

Ordinary duties were burdensome to her. She loved the country. In spring she was never so happy as in watching the opening of the buds and other signs of the return of summer. In autumn her delight was to walk through the woods knee deep in dead leaves, kicking them as she went and listening to the sound they made in the otherwise silent forest.

It was she who the gardener was thinking of in connection with his home building. But more than ordinary lover's doubts possessed him. Anne, though the daughter of an upper servant, had been brought up, if not as a lady, at least in a fashion that fitted her to assume the station of a lady. John was the son of a cultivator of flowers which were sold in the city. The boy inherited a taste for his father's work and had taken a course in an agricultural institution, after finishing which he accepted a position as gardener. If Anne was above the station in which she had been born John was above the usual interpretation of the term gardener. But he had never known Anne's people and had always regarded her as a lady.

When Mrs. Alexander died, since she left no children of her own, the place passed into the possession of her nephew, Edgar Alexander. He was living abroad at the time of his aunt's death, but returned to America and settled down on the place he had inherited. He was a bachelor over forty years of age and had tired of roving. His new possession was exactly suited to his taste. He made no change in anything on the place, leaving the administration of the household in the hands of the woman who had managed it for Mrs. Alexander. He had heard of Anne through his aunt, but only as the daughter of a former housekeeper and a dependent on charity. When he came to America and saw the young woman he was surprised to find a different person from the one he had expected to meet. He made no change in her status in the household.

But he made a change in his own status. He had been a clubman, a man of the world and had avoided entanglements with women. He was known to be well off, and bachelors of means are usually supposed to be wealthier than they are. Women had thrown themselves at him and had been thrown at him by their mothers. But he would have none of them. Toward this orphan girl he was different. He drove with her, he played games with her. When he was not with her he seemed not to know what to do with himself. For the first time in his life he melted under a woman's influence.

While John was thinking of Anne Mr. Alexander came out on the porch and stood looking down on the grounds surrounding his home. Seeing his gardener clipping the hedge, he came down to where he was and began to chat with him. He was unaware that John had received an education to fit him as an agriculturist, and John had never said anything about possessing a profession.

"John," said Mr. Alexander, "this place should have a lodge at the gateway. I'm thinking of building one. But a lodge should contain some one to admit visitors and keep out undesirable persons. Now, if you were married I could put you in the lodge, and while you were at work about the place your wife would be ready for any duty at the gate, though such duties would, of course, be nominal, for there is really no need for a lodge. I want one as an addition to the place."

John ceased to clip the hedge, lowered his shears and looked thoughtful. Had he been older he would probably have kept his thoughts to himself. Being young, he wished for sympathy, and that makes one confidential.

"The only woman I want for a wife, Mr. Alexander," he said, "wouldn't live in a porter's lodge."

"But this would be a gardener's lodge."

"The woman I refer to was brought up in too fine a fashion to live in any house except that of a gentleman."

"Is she a lady, John?" asked Alexander, with evident surprise.

"She wasn't born a lady, but she has been brought up as one."

"Well, John," Alexander replied, moving on, "I can't settle your love affairs for you. I can only say that I shall build the lodge and if you wish to live in it you will be welcome to do so."

Not long after this Alexander, aided by John, was staking out the lines for the foundations of the lodge. The grounds near the gate were covered with trees, and Anne, approaching, paused in the shadow and watched them for a moment and then, advancing, asked what they were doing.

"I'm going to build a lodge here," said Mr. Alexander. "John will live in it. I have suggested his taking a wife to keep him company."

John, who was driving a stake, did not look up and failed to see a glance that his employer gave the girl. Anne turned away and walked toward the house. Alexander joined her, and John, having driven the stake, looked after them. An idea seemed to have entered his brain or, rather, his heart, for an idea will enter through the heart that will not gain admittance through the brain. Suppose Alexander wanted Anne himself?

The thought brought with it infinite terrors. Although Alexander was nearly double the girl's age, that was no reason why she should not marry him. He had inherited her with the place. She was indebted to him for her living. As his wife she would live a life of luxury. Could there be stronger reasons why she should marry him if he wanted her?

The foundations for the lodge were dug and the structure was nearly completed when one day Anne met John making preparations for a little garden in its rear. Anne, who had been out gathering wild flowers, came in at the gate and began to talk to him.

"What's that Mr. Alexander was saying to you about being married and living in the lodge?"

"He wants some one at the gate; what for I don't know. There has never been any gatekeeper since the place was built."

"Who is it you're thinking of marrying?"

John looked up, surprised. "He's been talking to you," he said.

Anne neither affirmed nor denied the truth of the statement.

"Did he tell you that she was not born a lady, but was brought up one?" asked John.

Still there was no reply.

"She wouldn't live in a lodge," continued John.

"How do you know?"

"Perhaps she might do better. She might be mistress of a country place of her own."

"She might not wish to be."

"But you don't deny that she might be if she chose."

Anne was looking into vacancy. What she was thinking John did not know. She knew of what she was thinking, but it is questionable if she knew herself just what she thought.

At any rate, she was not controlling her thoughts. They were controlling her. There was a step on the gravel walk, and Alexander, approaching, saw the girl standing near his gardener. John looking wistfully into her face. A frown denoted that an idea had entered Alexander's brain similar to the one that had struck John when Anne and Alexander had walked away from him on the day the foundation line of the lodge was being staked out. It was succeeded by a smile, and Alexander said jocularly:

"Well, John, the lodge is nearly ready for you. How about the girl who is to occupy it with you? Has she consented to live in so humble a dwelling?"

"I fear not," replied John. "Where I had one doubt on the day I gave you my confidence I have a dozen today."

"How is that, John?"

"That would be to discuss matters which I have no right to discuss."

Alexander colored slightly under the implied reproach, then, turning to Anne, asked her if she would walk to the conservatory with him since he wished to show her something there. Anne accepted, but before turning from John gave him a look. What it meant he did not know. It was merely a look.

When the lodge was finished its owner ordered a supper to be served there and invited every one on the place to gather in the evening to celebrate the building's completion. When all had come and were standing about the table preparatory to helping themselves to the viands Alexander, who stood at the head of the table, filled a wine-glass, raised it and said:

"Let us drink to John Ricketts, the occupant of the lodge, including his future wife, who will occupy it with him, for, as the good book says, 'It is not good for man to be alone.'"

All drank, looking at John. The toast had evidently stirred in him some strong emotion.

"I shall occupy the lodge alone," he said. "She whom I would like to occupy it with me will not live in a lodge, but a mansion, of which she is worthy."

There was that in John's tone to put a sober look on the assembly. Alexander knit his brows. Then something happened to the astonishment of all. Anne went to where John was standing and put her arm through his.

"You are wrong, John," she said. "She was born in servants' quarters, and she will live in a lodge."

As soon as Alexander could recover himself he advanced to the couple and offered his congratulations. Then there was a babel of congratulations from the others, after which they fell upon the feast.

Alexander soon after this returned to Europe and never came back to his country place in America. John Ricketts is now a distinguished landscape gardener, and his wife is to all intents and purposes a lady.

LIST OF JURORS.

Drawn for the May Term of Centre County Court.

The following names were drawn from the jury wheel last week to serve as jurors during the May term of court, which begins Monday, May 17th:

Grand Jurors—May 17.

H. R. Auman, laborer.....Millheim
John R. Barr, carpenter.....Ferguson
John Deltrich, plasterer.....Bellefonte
John Edwards, merchant.....Phillipsburg
M. S. Felder, gentleman.....Millheim
R. G. Gohsen, butcher.....Ferguson
L. E. Gearhart, carpenter.....Phillipsburg
John Grove, farmer.....College
L. N. Horn, minister.....State College
Elmer Johnson, laborer.....Rush
L. M. Kelley, foreman.....Snow Shoe
William Loder, laborer.....Howard
J. W. Mayes, marble dealer.....Howard
Thomas Morgan, janitor.....Bellefonte
Ogden B. Mallin, clerk.....Bellefonte
H. McCloskey, miner.....Snow Shoe twp.
Lester McClellan, clerk.....Bellefonte
James H. Rine, carpenter.....Bellefonte
Perry Resides, butcher.....State College
J. O. Reed, merchant.....Phillipsburg
D. R. Thomas, farmer.....Half Moon
Geo. J. Weaver, laborer.....Haines
Geo. C. Woomer, laborer.....Phillipsburg
Roy Winter, laborer.....Bellefonte

Travelers Jurors—May 17.

Russell Ayers, merchant.....Phillipsburg
Joseph W. Beezer, butcher.....Bellefonte
Frank Beezer, farmer.....Spring
D. H. Bartley, laborer.....Bellefonte
P. P. Blair, jeweler.....Bellefonte
John Conley, foreman.....Bellefonte
Wm. H. Cummings, farmer.....Potter
H. J. Cohn, clerk.....Bellefonte
Chester Gearhart, carpenter.....Rush
H. H. Houser, farmer.....Harris
Thomas M. Huey, farmer.....Patton
John Hurst, agent.....Phillipsburg
Clay Hall, operator.....Rush
Geo. W. Hazel, laborer.....Miles
Thomas Hazel, engineer.....Spring
W. H. Jones, gentleman.....Phillipsburg
John Jacobs, farmer.....Curtin
Wm. Kerrin, farmer.....Snow Shoe twp.
Frank Krebs, farmer.....Ferguson
Charles A. Krape, merchant.....Gregg
J. A. Maize, gent.....Snow Shoe twp.
George Miller, farmer.....Spring
H. A. Moore, druggist.....Howard
Miles Mechtley, farmer.....Benner
Charles M. Miller, farmer.....Miles
Geo. Mallory, blacksmith.....Bellefonte
Chas. McClenahan, laborer.....Centre Hall
Henry McWilliams, farmer.....Ferguson
Harvey Nearhoff, farmer.....Half Moon
C. B. Neff, farmer.....Potter
I. M. Orndorff, farmer.....Haines
J. R. Phoenix, gent.....Howard twp.
Robert Roan, mechanic.....Bellefonte
H. C. Rothrock, teacher.....Bellefonte
Christ Reese, machinist.....Phillipsburg
George Rhule, salesman.....Phillipsburg
Floyd Sanderson, farmer.....Union
Thomas B. Shope, laborer.....Milesburg
Albert Schenck, farmer.....Liberty
J. L. Treasler, farmer.....Harris
Merrill Weaver, farmer.....Spring
William Weber, merchant.....Howard
James H. Weaver, farmer.....Boggs
J. W. Winkleblech, farmer.....Haines
W. F. Way, farmer.....Half Moon
Orvis Yarnell, laborer.....Walker
Israel Young, merchant.....Harris
Wm. Zimmerman, painter.....Walker

Travelers Jurors—May 24.

W. J. Beezer, butcher.....Bellefonte
Fred Booth, manager.....Phillipsburg
S. C. Bathgate, farmer.....College
A. Berger, merchant.....Liberty
J. B. Crawford, farmer.....Walker
Emanuel Eisenhuth, farmer.....Penn
Geo. N. Fisher, salesman.....Harris
Lucian Fulton, laborer.....Milesburg
Edward Green, miller.....Bellefonte
Wm. E. Garner, blacksmith.....Ferguson
Wesley Goss, merchant.....Rush
William Glenn, farmer.....Ferguson
Henry Glinger, farmer.....Harris
P. L. Gulich, clerk.....Phillipsburg
Edw. Hepburn, contractor.....Bellefonte
S. H. Heath, operator.....Rush
R. A. Hask, baker.....Bellefonte
Geo. Hartsock, salesman.....Phillipsburg
Fred Humphrey, laborer.....Phillipsburg
Jacob Keller, justice.....Ferguson
John A. Lucas, farmer.....Boggs
Daniel Moore, laborer.....Rush
Jacob McCloskey, laborer.....Curtin
W. H. Ott, carpenter.....Bellefonte
W. E. Smith, clerk.....State College
Creighton Showalter, gent.....Phillipsburg
Bruce Stover, salesman.....Millheim
Peter Stout, laborer.....S. Phillipsburg
Peter Smith, farmer.....Potter
Mussa Sones, laborer.....Huston
Hamilton Smith, painter.....St. College
Jacob Shirk, laborer.....Bellefonte
Clay Shope, laborer.....Milesburg
W. C. Thompson, farmer.....Howard twp.
John Walters, mechanic.....Phillipsburg
D. W. Woodring, agent.....Bellefonte
Aquilla Williams, farmer.....Worth
Jacob Williams, farmer.....Worth
F. H. Yocum, laborer.....Walker
N. H. Yearick, merchant.....Marion

Mrs. Annie McLaughlin Dead.

Following a brief illness from grip, causing weakness of the heart, Mrs. Annie McLaughlin died about 10 o'clock last Friday morning at her late home at Snow Shoe. She was a native of Ireland and was aged about 73 years. She located at Snow Shoe many years ago and resided there to the time of her death. Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock from the Snow Shoe Catholic church, Rev. Father J. F. Connelly officiating. Mrs. McLaughlin was a splendid woman and by many friends her passing away is deeply mourned. Surviving are these sons: John F., of Kansas City, Mo.; Michael, William, Thomas, James and Joseph, of Snow Shoe; Patrick, of Beech Creek, and Andrew, of Tyrone.

Mrs. Henry Confer Dead.

Mrs. Henry Confer died on Wednesday night of last week at Renovo, aged 78 years, 1 month and 20 days. Funeral services were held on Saturday, conducted by Rev. H. A. Straub, pastor of the Renovo Methodist Episcopal Church, of which the deceased was an active, earnest member. Surviving are a husband, six sons and a daughter, as follows: Michael Confer, of Emporium; Gilbert Confer, of Keating; Nicholas Confer, of Williamsport; Hayes and Robert Confer, of Renovo; Ward Confer, of Howard, and Mrs. Fannie Smith, of Renovo.

Jacob Witmyer Dead.

Jacob Witmyer died last Friday morning at the home of his son, James, near Carroll station, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis suffered on April 4th. Deceased was aged 62 years and was a former resident of Sugar Valley. He is survived by a widow and five sons: James and Thomas, of White Deer; William, of Bellefonte, and two younger boys at home.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 a year.

MARTEL AND POITIERS.

The Man and Battle That Saved Europe From the Saracen Yoke.

A traveler approaching the city of Poitiers, France, would hardly believe that it was around the site of that small city that the battle which saved all Europe from the Saracen yoke was fought. The man who commanded the French in that great battle was Charles, who afterward received the surname Martel, "the hammer," from his mighty prowess in that fight.

He baffled the Saracen invasion by his great victory at Poitiers. The Saracens had mastered all Asia and conquered Spain. Nothing could withstand their arms, and the Crescent bore death and desolation before it wherever it went. The Mohammedans determined to conquer all Europe in the name of the Prophet. Spain had fallen, and France was next. The two armies met at Poitiers. The strife was bloody, for the Saracens had the prestige of former victories and the advantage of numbers; France had the wisdom of Martel. That wisdom triumphed, and the Mohammedan was hurled back, a broken power. This victory saved Europe from want and desolation, for the brave people would have suffered anything sooner than embrace Mohammedanism. The great champion of Christian civilization lived nine years after his famous triumph at Poitiers and died in the year 741.—Irish World.

A Bird.

Peggie—Why do you say he is a bird? Polly—Well, he is chicken hearted and pigeon toed, has the habits of an owl. Likes to wear a swallow tail coat and collars with wings, he is always acting the goose and he is a perfect Jay.—Judge.

He Wanted to Know.

"Ma, what's that big round thing on wheels?"
"The water wagon, my dear."
"Is that the one Uncle Tom said fell off of?"—Boston Transcript.

Many of us who have courage enough for fighting lack the bravery to wait.

HOOKING A SHARK.

It's an Exciting Sport Even if One Doesn't See the Fish.

Fishing for sharks off the pier at Palm Beach is a Brodingtonian sport. You fish with clotheslines and a hook the size of a split anchor. Half of some great fish is slipped on your hook for bait. You throw it off the pier and fasten the end of the line to the railing and then take out your detective story and read.

Sometimes you get a bite; sometimes you don't. At evening the colored gentleman in charge of the shark fishing on the pier goes around and takes in the lines. That in itself is on rare occasions an exciting sport.

Once a New York vacationist was standing on the pier enjoying the sunset after a day's fruitless angling when he heard a shout from the colored gentleman, who had discovered a shark on one of the lines that had been left out. The colored gentleman was having trouble in handling the beast, so the New Yorker went to his assistance. Together they pulled and hauled at the line in vain. Another man on the pier joined in, and then the three braced their feet against the rail and tugged for all they were worth. But in spite of all they could do the line slipped gradually through their fingers.

Finally all the slack was used up, and the rope, coming taut against the rail, snapped like a thread. The New Yorker has always wished he could have had just one look at that shark.—New York Post.

Hills For Earthquakes.

In 1750 a number of smart earthquake shocks were felt in London, which created quite a panic. The clergy, from the bishops down, exhorted, warned and pamphleted the people to an almost incredible extent lest worse things yet should befall. Quacks made small fortunes out of pills which they advertised as "good against earthquakes;" ladies wore "earthquake gowns"—warm garments for sitting out of doors at night—and most of the fashionable world lived through that summer in their coaches in the parks, "passing away the time with cards and candles."—London Express.

The Federal Reserve Banks.

The Federal Reserve system will not make a good bank out of a bad one, but it gives added strength to every well managed institution.

We are still receiving subscriptions in aid of the helpless sufferers in Europe.

The First National Bank, Bellefonte, Penna.

REMEMBER!

THAT WE SELL
LUMBER
Of all kinds for building Houses, Barns, Fences

Porches, Pavements. Also
RED CEDAR SHINGLES

— AND —
PAROID ROOFING

The best Roofing we know of, also
Neponset Wall Board
in various colors to imitate real wood; it needs no paint. We have for sale cheap, a lot of used machinery, Engines, shop soiled Sash Doors, Moulding etc.

Get our prices before buying elsewhere.
P. B. CRIDER & SON
Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St. Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa.

Professional Cards.

Harry F. Fenlon,
FIRE INSURANCE
Temple Court Bellefonte, Pa.

A. A. Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

H. C. Quigley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office in Temple Court, South, Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Practice in all the courts and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave, Bellefonte for Mill Hall 7:06 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.

Leave, Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 2:55 and 6:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 24th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.			
WESTWARD.	A. M.	P. M.	
Bellefonte.....	7:30	10:15	7:30
Collegeville.....	7:35	10:20	7:35
Morris.....	7:40	10:25	7:40
State College.....	7:45	10:30	7:45
Hunters Park.....	7:50	10:35	7:50
Phillipsburg.....	7:55	10:40	7:55
Widdies.....	8:00	10:45	8:00
Krumrine.....	8:05	10:50	8:05
State College.....	8:10	10:55	8:10
Strubbs.....	8:15	11:00	8:15
Bloomersford.....	8:20	11:05	8:20
Pine Grove Mills.....	8:25	11:10	8:25

* Daily. * Daily except Sunday. * Stop flag.

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD			
LV.	A. M.	P. M.	
Pine Grove Mills.....	7:35	10:15	7:35
Bloomersford.....	7:40	10:20	7:40
Strubbs.....	7:45	10:25	7:45
State College.....	7:50	10:30	7:50
Krumrine.....	7:55	10:35	7:55
Widdies.....	8:00	10:40	8:00
Phillipsburg.....	8:05	10:45	8:05
Hunters Park.....	8:10	10:50	8:10
State College.....	8:15	10:55	8:15
Morris.....	8:20	11:00	8:20
Collegeville.....	8:25	11:05	8:25
Bellefonte.....	8:30	11:10	8:30

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from Tyrone, Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte 10 points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Taken as directed. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Clears and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color. Prevents hair falling.

Mfg. by J. C. Parker, Lowell, Mass.

SEVEN BARKS

A Sure and Safe Remedy for

DYSPEPSIA and all STOMACH TROUBLES.

Seven Barks, which is the extract of seven different herbs, will make your food digest, banish Heartaches, regulate your Liver and Kidneys, give you new life, and keep you well. Price 10 cts. a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor.

Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues \$5,000 Travel Policy at \$12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon
Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa.

Real Estate Bought and Sold, RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Harry Walker departed on Monday for Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

Mrs. Lewis Harvey entertained with a small dinner on Monday night.

Miss Emeline Bryson, of Watonsontown, is a house guest of Miss Mary Mott.

Edward Cooke, of Baltimore, was an arrival in town on Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Baum, of State College, were shopping visitors in town yesterday.

Mrs. Kyle McFarland, of Lock Haven, visited on Wednesday in Bellefonte and State College.

Harry Fitzgerald, of Columbus, Ohio, visited here over Sunday with his father, William Fitzgerald.

Mrs. George VanDyke departed on Monday for Altoona where she will visit for a time with friends.

Mrs. H. L. Garber went to Jersey Shore today to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Nellie Hepburn.

E. P. Irvin departed for Cherrytree on Tuesday, Mrs. Irvin accompanying him. They will return on Saturday.

Harvey McClure, of Philadelphia, visited here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. McClure, on Sunday.

Mrs. John Blanchard, Mrs. J. Norman Sherer and Miss Mary M. Blanchard departed on Monday for Overbrook.

Mrs. Robert Swan and son, R. J., of Pittsburgh, were over-Sunday guests here with Mr. and Mrs. John Swan.

Miss Margaret Stewart, who was home for the Easter vacation, returned on Monday to her school in New Jersey.

John Rankin departed on Tuesday for Rochester, Minnesota, where he will consult with the famous Doctors Mayo.

Mrs. Chauncey F. York and son, of Detroit, Michigan, are enjoying a brief visit with her father, Colonel Emanuel Noll.

Seth Daggett, of Wellsboro, visited here for a few days recently with his brother, W. L. Daggett, proprietor of the Bush House.

Judge and Mrs. Ellis L. Orvis departed last week for New York and Atlantic City, expecting to remain at the latter place for some time.

Mrs. L. S. Roan, of State College, who had been receiving medical treatment in the Lock Haven hospital, was able to return home on Monday.

Miss Anna LeVan and J. R. Butler, of Altoona, and Miss Katherine Packer, of Lock Haven, were week-end guests at the home of Mrs. Bush.

J. Linn Blackford, of State College, proprietor of a successful moving picture house at that place, greeted old home friends here several days ago.

Mrs. Harry E. Fenlon and Mrs. W. L. Daggett and son, Frederick, were in Williamsport on Monday and Tuesday in consultation with Dr. Haskins.

Janie and Louise Hickok returned to their home in Harrisburg on Monday, their grandmother, Mrs. D. H. Hastings accompanying them as far as Harrisburg.

The Ladies Adult Bible Class of the U. B. church will hold a bake sale of bread, rolls, pies, cakes and ice-cream Saturday afternoon and evening April 17th in the A. I. Society room.

Workmen are engaged this week re-grading and resurfacing High Street. The surface was first torn up preliminary to being rolled. When this is finished the street will be oiled.

"The Tom Thumb Wedding" which was given in the Lutheran church last February will be repeated next Tuesday evening, April 20th. In addition to the wedding there will be several new musical and literary features. Everybody is invited to the wedding. Admission 15 and 25 cents.

John F. McLaughlin, a former Snow Shoe boy, now a successful railroad man in Kansas City, Missouri, arrived in Bellefonte Sunday morning enroute to Snow Shoe, having been summoned home by a telegram announcing the death of his mother, Mrs. Annie McLaughlin.

A large and appreciative audience listened to Miss Emma MacAlarney's suffrage lecture Tuesday evening in the High School auditorium. Miss MacAlarney is a most interesting talker and her address was well received. She is a resident of Harrisburg and a representative of the State Suffrage Association.

Presumably due to heavy blasting in the limestone quarries nearby, a large section of the ceiling in the parlor of the F. W. Crider home on West Linn Street dropped to the floor with a crash shortly after 7 o'clock Tuesday morning. The ceiling was not only ruined but the falling plaster carried with it a valuable large painting, which was hanging on a wall, and tore several gashes in the canvas.

Miss Hazel Crider, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Furst Crider, of below Howard, has recovered sufficiently from her attack of typhoid fever that she will be able to leave the Bellefonte hospital today. She will remain with her grandmother, Mrs. William Steele, until she becomes stronger. In appreciation of the fact that she was taken ill in the closing weeks of the school term, the school directors graciously voted to allow her to receive her diploma as a member of the class graduated this week from the Blanchard High School.

Reader's bakery has installed a nobby light delivery truck.

Bellefonte lodge of Red Men will meet tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock.

Frank Derstine and son, of Altoona, visited over Sunday here with the home folks.

James Pickle has been laid up with grip for a short time, but is now improving nicely.

A. A. Pletcher, of Howard, was a business visitor in town between trains yesterday.

J. Fall Stover has been quite ill for some days, but is much improved at the present time.

Mrs. Edward Holt and daughter, of Franklin, were guests of Mrs. Robert Cole recently.

Howard Schenck and Samuel Shay, of Howard, transacted business in town a few days ago.

Ira G. Burket, of Stormstown, was a business visitor in town between trains on Tuesday.

Mrs. Cameron Burnside, of Philadelphia, was a guest of Miss Brockerhoff on Tuesday night.

The public sale of horses and equipment at the Palace Livery today attracted quite a large crowd of out-of-town horsemen.

K. C. Raup, of Williamsport, District Manager of The Bell Telephone Company of Penna., is spending the day in town with Local Manager W. S. Mallalieu.

Among those who attended the funeral of the late J. Edwin Quigley in Lock Haven yesterday were John Blanchard, George R. Meek, Joseph L. Montgomery, Charles M. McCurdy, Harry Keller and Mrs. John M. Shugert. The Athletic Association, of State College, sent a large quilt of flowers bearing in the center a huge letter "S".

The Academy baseball squad, accompanied by Coach Vogel, Manager Miksch and Headmaster J. R. Hughes, departed on Tuesday at noon on an eastern trip. The schedule called for a game yesterday with Perkiomen Seminary, today a game in Philadelphia, another with the Princeton freshmen tomorrow and on Saturday a game with the Princeton preparatory school team. The trip is being taken during the Easter vacation, which began April 9th and continues until April 19th.

The annual declamatory contest for the W. S. Furst prizes took place at the Bellefonte Academy last Thursday afternoon and proved to be the closest contest ever held at the institution. Eight speakers contested. The judges were Rev. W. C. Charlton, rector of the Episcopal Church; Col. Hugh S. Taylor and J. Kennedy Johnston, Esq. First prize was awarded to Bradley Downing of York subject, "United in Death." The second prize was won by Melvin J. Locke, of Bellefonte, subject, "Lasca."

A Bellefonte chapter of the fraternity of students, past and present, of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton was formed recently at a meeting held in their rooms in the McClain block, opposite the Bush House. About fifteen members met and formed an organization adopted the name Bellefonte Chapter and bylaws to govern the same and elected the following officers: Nevin Cole, President; Geo. T. Bush, 1st Vice Pres; Paul Mallory, 2nd V. Pres.; Harvey Steele, Sec., and Luther Crissman Treas. They will meet every Friday night and invite all students past and present in or about this section to join. Their object is mutual instruction and training.

Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker and J. H. Chatham were genial and welcome callers at "The Republican" office on Monday. Colonel Shoemaker was recently appointed on the staff of Governor Brumbaugh. He is president of the Altoona "Tribune." Mr. Chatham is a resident of McElhattan, where Colonel Shoemaker has a country residence. Colonel Shoemaker will be at once recalled as the author of a number of charming books devoted to legends of the mountains of Central Pennsylvania. To his love of writing and his deep interest in preserving the legends of the mountains, dealing with scenes and events when our hills and valleys were populated by Indians, is due the gratitude of the public. Some of his tales of mountain life are particularly interesting and have been republished in the columns of this newspaper. His most recent volume deals with the early history of the famous Penns Cave. It is a romantic, well written series of narratives and legends that are treasured by all who are so fortunate as to have the book in their possession. Few writers are gifted with the rare trait of being able to accurately depict the scenes and convey the atmosphere of true mountain life and it is in this fact that Colonel Shoemaker reveals his strength as an author. We had pictured him to ourselves as a man rather well on in years, hence our surprise to find him to be strong and robust and in the very vigor and prime of life. His writings will stand as a monument to his memory long after he has passed into the happy hunting grounds of which he refers so interestingly in his tales of Bald Eagle and other noted Indian chiefs. Mr. Chatham is also a most entertaining writer. We are indebted to him for a copy of an interesting little volume entitled "Indian Steps." Colonel Shoemaker's next book will be devoted to legends of the last days of the buffalo. The subject alone is sufficient to warrant the comment that it will be well worth reading.

Rush Petriken, of Lock Haven, well known here when years ago he played baseball, died in New York on Wednesday morning. He will be buried in Lock Haven Friday afternoon.

The Study Course will meet as usual in the High School building on Tuesday evening, April 20th, at 8 o'clock. Miss Isabelle S. Hill will read a paper entitled "A History of the Temperance Movement." Mr. and Mrs. Varney, who are to conduct a welfare week, will be present and will speak on temperance. All are requested to be present, as it will be Mr. and Mrs. Varney's first evening and they deserve a cordial reception.

The Bellefonte Academy boys have been preparing for weeks for a very interesting vaudeville entertainment which they expect to present at Garman's Opera House some time during the month of May, the exact date to be announced shortly. The vaudeville feature this year instead of the usual minstrel program will no doubt attract and please a large audience. The musical numbers will be interesting, as usual.

George T. Bush has been elected one of the six delegates from Pennsylvania to the meeting of the National Assembly of the League of American Wheelmen that meets next September in Boston. This is the organization that took the lead and did the most good in starting the present era of good roads building in the United States when they had to fight all sorts of opposition. There are not so many left in the organization now, but all honor to them for being the pioneers in that good work.

Mrs. Alfred Rishel Dead.

A death that came as a profound shock and one that occasioned sincere sorrow among a wide circle of friends was that of Mrs. Alfred Rishel, who passed away at the Bellefonte hospital on Saturday evening, last, at 7 o'clock. She was admitted to the hospital at 11 o'clock on the morning of that day and at 2.30 o'clock underwent an operation for intestinal trouble. Her condition was critical from the start and she failed to rally from the shock. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the old Rishel homestead, nearby Bellefonte, conducted by Rev. Dr. E. H. Vocum and Rev. C. C. Shuey. Interment was made in the Union cemetery. Mrs. Rishel was a woman who was held in loving esteem by all who knew her. She possessed a genial, sunny disposition and was always doing something for others to make their lot a little brighter and happier. For her many fine qualities she will long be held in kindly remembrance. The deceased was before her marriage Emma May Schreck. She was a daughter of the late Peter and Sarah Schreck and was born at Lemont March 10th, 1866. On August 25th, 1887, she was married to Alfred Rishel. Surviving to mourn her death are her husband, a son J. Walter, and a daughter, Sarah Emma. There survive also two sisters and a brother: Mrs. Ellen Ludwig, of Ebensburg; Mrs. Sara Moore, of Phillipsburg, and William Schreck, of Lemont.

Mrs. John Q. Miles Dead.

Death recently claimed a good woman in the person of Mrs. John Q. Miles, of near Martha Furnace. She passed away on Friday, April 2d, aged 77 years, 2 months and 23 days. Her maiden name was Lydia A. Richards. She was born January 10th, 1838, her parents being among the pioneer residents of Martha Furnace. She married John Q. Miles on January 29th, 1855, and in January, last, they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. With the exception of three years, when Mr. Miles was County Treasurer and they resided in Bellefonte, their entire married life was spent happily on the old home farm. Mrs. Miles was a splendid type of woman and by a wide circle of friends was held in affectionate esteem. She was loved for her many noble traits and by all her death is deeply mourned. She was a life-long member of the Baptist church and the last surviving member of her father's family. Surviving are her husband, two daughters and one son: Mrs. O. D. Eberts, of Martha; Mrs. G. O. Benner, of Centre Hall, and John D. Miles, at home.

Mrs. Isaac Heckman Dead.

Mrs. Isaac Heckman, wife of Rev. Isaac Heckman, a retired member of the Central Pennsylvania conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, died at her home in Sunbury last Sunday from a complication of diseases. She was widely known, highly esteemed and greatly beloved by all who knew her. She was aged 68 years and is survived by her husband, formerly pastor of Tyrone, Lock Haven and other churches, one son, Rev. E. R. Heckman, the present pastor of the last named church, and two daughters, Mrs. H. W. Mattern, of Johnstown, and Mrs. J. W. Hinebaugh, of Sunbury.

Mrs. Mary J. Hutchison Dead.

Mrs. Mary Jane Hutchison died at 9 o'clock last Saturday evening at her late home at WarriorsMark. Deceased was born near Penna. Furnace, May 22d, 1833, and was a daughter of John and Mary Patterson. She was the surviving member of a large family of children. In 1852 she married William Hutchison, to which union were born these children: George G., Elizabeth Wallace, wife of George L. Curry, both of WarriorsMark; Annie, who died in infancy; William, who met death from drowning at the age of 5 years; Lewis A., of Pittsburgh, and Edwin G., of Lancaster.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:
Allis Chalmers Mfg. Co., Dr. E. N. Bingman, Mrs. Mauer Daugherty, Ed. Gardner, Mrs. Chas. H. Givens, C. G. McGrogers, Dr. A. G. Miller, J. B. Mayes, W. S. Miles, Philip A. Meyers, A. A. Pollock, Esther Raymond, James E. Rornan, Scabbard and Blade, Mrs. S. A. Shields, Miss Edith Stover, Frank Thomas, J. H. Ward, and Carmine Leva. When called for please say advertised.

SEWING MACHINES

I am selling the two best Sewing Machines made—the Standard Rotary and the Eldrege Rotary.

I keep in stock other and cheaper machines and as low in price as you can buy them in Chicago.

I repair all makes of sewing machines and keep in stock shuttles and needles, also key blanks.

My shop is on West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

G. C. Clements.

Bellefonte Markets.	
Corrected by the Robert Morris store.	
Eggs, per dozen.....	.15
Butter, per pound.....	.25
Bellefonte Grain Market.	
Corrected by Gamble, Green & Co.	
Wheat, white or mixed.....	\$1.35
Wheat, red.....	\$1.40
Corn, shelled (per bu.).....	.80
Corn, ears, (per bu.).....	.90
Oats (per bu.).....	.60
Rye, (per bu.).....	.70
Barley, (per bu.).....	.60
Black wheat, (per bu.).....	.60

CALL UP CHAMBERLAIN

and talk to him about your furniture that needs

Repairing--Re-upholstering--Refinishing.

HE KNOWS HOW

and the price will be right

F. W. Chamberlain

MILESBURG
Bell Phone, 86-J.



Pick Your Town and Telephone

Open up a brand new field! Turn to the list of nearby points in your telephone directory and pick out a few of the hundreds of places you can reach for from five cents to a quarter by means of the Bell Toll System.

Bell lines reaching every nook and corner of this State or clear across the States, are always at your service. The telephone leads to where the business is; are you on the right trail?

Use the Bell

We are Filling our Windows Today with an Exclusive Showing of Hickey-Freeman Quality Spring Suits for Young Men.

This display is not merely to show the perfect tailoring and beautiful fabrics of these garments. It is also to impress upon you that you can be sure of finding in our store up-to-the-minute style--style that meets the demands of the most exacting young men--and at the same time tailoring of genuine Hickey-Freeman Quality--tailoring that makes the style a permanent feature of the suit.

Make a point to-day to see this display of the new spring styles. Any one of these corking suits will be a splendid clothing investment for you.

Do not Overlook the Importance of Choosing Early.

Montgomery & Co.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Hors: and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.



W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte Pa.
COMMERCIAL PHONE



That might have happened to ME

WE never know when to look for it. Well and happy today--sick, disabled or dead tomorrow. Wonder if that poor chap left anything.

Well--if my time ever comes, I'll know that the wife and babies are provided for. At least \$5,000 if I'm killed, and from \$25 to \$50 a week if I'm disabled. My AETNA ACCUMULATIVE ACCIDENT POLICY will take care of us all. Pays for a surgical operation or hospital expense, too.

Man on a salary certainly ought to couple up with this AETNA proposition. Those chaps who put it off-until-tomorrow don't realize what a pitiful fix a penniless, fatherless family is in. Be wise--

AETNA-IZE

Think of the thousands and thousands of men who are killed or injured every year. Do what you can to protect YOUR family. Write or telephone and let us talk with you.

John F. Gray & Son

Bellefonte Pa.